

The GRAIL

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THE GRAIL

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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"Love your Enemies"

—Christ

"Hate your Enemies"

—Antichrist

Albert Kleber, O.S.B., S.T.D.

CHRIST: "I say to you, love your enemies."—Messrs. Rex Stout and Clifton Fadiman, representatives of the Writers' War Board, the semi-governmental agency for the government in its war efforts, recently, addressing a meeting of the P.E.N. Club, the international writers' organization, charged these writers "that they work in themselves and in their writings an angry and indiscriminate hate of the German people." (The *New York Times* Book Review, Nov. 15, 1942.) "Both speakers contended that the reasonable intellectual objections to nazism should give way to hate, to a burning, active fury." Mr. Fadiman is quoted as having declared: "I believe that the best way to keep alive is to hate the man who wants to kill you."

Be it said to the honor of a large number of the P.E.N. Club that there was a vigorous reaction to this scream of hate. Henry Seidel Canby in a heated reply told the writers to "lay off" hating German individuals and work on the leaders; it was his belief that not the German people were at fault but their "controls." Will Irwin warned of the "big kick-back" if hate were overdone. Arthur Garfield Hays, a lawyer, protested against "hysterical hate"; he was against indicting a whole nation "because we want to stir up the country for winning the war."

The meeting became heated to a degree that grew very uncomfortable—a natural result of an effort to throw sane minds off their balance—and, as the reporter concludes his account of the meeting, "several tempers were badly frayed."

This effort to preach hate to men of mature minds, deplorable as it was, might be passed off with a shrug of the shoulder. But one Walter D. Edmonds, a novelist, at a

Children's Book Week luncheon sponsored by *Parents Magazine*, complained—to appearance with contradiction—"because it seems to be not fashionable to hate the Germans these days." (The *New York Times*, Nov. 19, 1942) He took exception to what he called "The German Bed-Time Story" for making the Germans out to be "nice, kind people, people who love children, too." He told his audience of book publishers and children's writers that the German people "are guilty as hell, and yet this softening up goes on all the time."

HERE, now, we have a definite effort to inject hate into the reading even of children. This sin equals that of Herod, yea, in a sense even surpasses it. Herod at least took away only the bodily life of the Holy Innocents, but his descendants—an apology is due to the founder of the dynasty of children slayers—would inject the deadly poison of hate into the very souls of children. Some criminal pioneers were accused of having thrown strychnine into the springs from which the unsuspecting Indians were accustomed to quench their thirst; but in our days children's writers are accused of remissness in duty for not poisoning the literary springs to which children come so eagerly and unsuspectingly to quench their thirst for knowledge.

Children do not want to hate; they want to love and be loved. Why, then, should our children be taught to hate? What is the good of it? Not only will the sunshine of love be darkened for the present in their hearts and they be made the poorer for it, but also after the war they will, as adults, find it a bar to the development of friendly international relations with the nation whom they have grown up to hate.

The same holds good also as to the

"angry and indiscriminate hate of the German people" that we adults are asked to cultivate. That, too, is both unchristian and antichristian—and poor international policy. These emissaries of hate make no distinction between the German people, which in its greatest majority has for the past ten years been at the mercy of the Nazi party, between the malice of the Nazi leaders, a malice that justly has incurred international hatred, and them as human beings divinely destined for better things. Christ enjoins upon us love as His commandment, love, not of malice, but of men. This love, just because it is true love of neighbor, will use all means—even an all-out war, if necessary—to rid the German people and the world of the vampire—Nazi ideology—that has fastened itself to its veins; this love, though it will hate the malice in the criminal, will look with a certain pity upon the criminal himself and will find its greatest triumph in ridding the criminal of his malice and returning him to the divine destiny that every human being has. That has been Christ's triumph, that has been the Church's triumph throughout the ages. But not so our modern emissaries of hate. They have learnt nothing from the mistake made after the last war, when hate dictated the "peace." Those diplomats, blind to the eternal order of things, which has an uncanny way of asserting itself, sowed dragon teeth of hate. And the harvest? Men armed to the teeth have sprouted forth, even as in the myth, and have presently joined in mortal combat. Are we going to repent that mistake? Not if President Roosevelt is supported by us all in carrying out to a finish the noble purpose he announced when entering this war; and in that purpose hate has no part.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Democracy Rampant

THIS MONTH the new Congress takes over. That it is expected to do, far more than its recent predecessors is conclusively proved by November's drastic political upsets. These upsets made it plain that Americans are disgusted with the way their government has been administered recently. Evidently many voters agreed with an internationally known American who, a month before elections, said: "Make no mistake about it. We are fighting for our lives and all we hold dear, not only on the battlefronts in foreign lands but on the front here at home." The almost indescribable confusion reigning among Washington's constantly increasing bureaucracy and the growing power of left wing elements in the government caused the public, somewhat belatedly, to recall its previous mandate to the administration and to issue a replacing one. For the many anti-administration Democrats who were returned, now constitute a working majority in the House.

Two things are now evident: the new Congress must not misunderstand its mandate as its predecessors did; and second, November's voting did not end the public's responsibility. November 3 should prove again what the public can do when it accepts its democratic responsibilities. Five years ago the voting public showed its power when it killed the attempt to pack the Supreme Court—a direct assault upon our Constitution which had been derisively labeled a "horse and buggy" document. A little later it again showed it can hold the reins when it defeated administration at-



tempts to purge from office—even elective offices—all who disagreed with it. Now it has once more reiterated that it will tolerate no further monkey business in government affairs. Since the voters have again and again demonstrated their power, the only thing remaining for them as patriotic citizens is to fully accept and exercise their democratic prerogatives. Much bad government in the past has been due to the deplorable fact that too many citizens consider their active interest in government begins and ends on election day. The new Congress—both new and re-elected members—will be particularly sensitive to public opinion; a happy condition which will enable the public to recapture Congress as its representative and voice in government instead of its functioning as the administration's wagging tail. During the next few years, both wartime and postwar, Congress must hear often from the voters, both individually and collectively, if true democracy and not an illegitimate offspring is to be the American way of life.

The new Congress—and especially those Republicans who are replacing New Dealers—must not misunder-

stand the people's newly expressed wishes. These wishes are most certainly not a demand for a return to Wall Streetism. To believe that they are would be comparable to the present administration's growing misunderstanding of the mandate given it in 1932. At that time, by a startling landslide of votes which included the writer's, the American people voted, not for a scrapping of American institutions

and a substitution of socialistic and communistic ones, but rather for a drastic correction of political, economic and social abuses which had grown damaging from a materialistic conception of private enterprise. Americans want neither the monopolistic capitalism represented by Wall Street with its Princes of Privilege nor any form of socialism, no matter how bally-hooed and sugar coated. Americans want individual liberty, freedom and justice, circumscribed, of course, by proper regard for the rights of others and a necessary obligation to the common good. Americans want an administration of government which makes that government neither subservient to powerful economic interests to the neglect of the common people nor, on the other hand, one which usurps the right of private enterprise. They want their government to be a fair and just umpire in the nation's economic life, charging itself with the responsibility of seeing that liberty does not become license and that the strong do not prey upon the weak. They want a government which develops American ideals and not one which kow-tows to foreign ideologies. They do not want a labor

government, a farmer government, a big business government, a little business government, or any other form of government in which certain elements of economic life must profit upon the misery of other groups. This nation was founded as a land of opportunity for all, not one in which certain groups are enriched to the detriment of others through government favoritism for political purposes. Any administration which does not so regulate the nation's economic life so that all share in the national wealth to the extent of their contributions falls woefully short of the democratic ideal.

Since both parties declared themselves anxious that the successful prosecution of the war be placed foremost in the nation's business, the new Congress must consider that its prime business. Every day that the war is needlessly prolonged through politics means a criminal waste of lives and material resources. The successful conduct of the war for democracy's survival demands less politics and more unselfish legislation and administration. It demands that uncalled-for social experimentation, reckless spending, waste and bungling must come to an end. It demands that the spend-tax-and-elect boys must be put away for the duration and then thereafter.

THE NEW Congress must realize that the government is running behind its income at the rate of \$150,000,000 a day. While the major part of this amount is due to war expenditures, it must be remembered that Federal spending for non-essentials goes on at a merry clip. Prior to December 7, 1941, the administration had already sold several generations of unborn Americans into the financial bondage of excessively high taxation if national repudiation of indebtedness is to be avoided. This in spite of 1932 promises that government expenditures would be cut 25% and all unnecessary departments eliminated. While administration leaders point with pride to the billion or more dollars of unnecessary expenditures lopped off during 1942, they fail to mention that much

more pruning could have been wisely done and they fail to point at all to the fact that around 100,000 new employees are being added to the Federal establishment each month. These employees are exclusive of those in the military service and form a Federal payroll which, on January 1, 1943, has been estimated to reach the astounding proportions of 3,000,000 people. Since these hirings are not according to any definite need, but are limited only by Congressional appropriations, Congress can correct this situation in a hurry. In fact, there is a dire need for a Federal personnel bureau to pass upon the requirements of various departments and then select the help best suited for their particular needs. As it is, there is considerable piracy existing among government agencies as they try to wheedle away from one another employees who can really do more than sit around and draw their salaries. When competition supplants co-operation among federal agencies, mismanagement, waste and confusion are the inevitable results. Then, when this evitable does happen, instead of corrective measures being taken, another bureau is created—perhaps with a “czar” at its head—intended to straighten out the mess but which usually makes the confusion more confusing.

PRESENT day bureaucracy has become a malignant cancer which is slowly strangling American justice. Bureaucrats, holding non-elective positions, feel no responsibility to the electorate and so arrogant have they become in their bloated importance that they resent any Congressional interest in their affairs and even throw fits of temper when the bill-paying public desires any accounting of their activities. Since most of these bureaus are permitted to make their own rules and regulations, and also to enforce them, we see the American people being forced to live under regulations never passed upon by Congress, yet which affect life's most important matters. It has been bureaucratic bungling which is responsible for the rubber, gas, manpower, and

many other situations which now plague the American public and the war effort. The manpower situation is a good example. Because of conflicting interests among politicians and bureaucrats, American farm production faces serious shortages. Because of insufficient allocations of materials for farm machinery, thousands of farmers, unable to replace human labor with machinery, are being forced out of production at a time when the world needs it most. The Fall of 1942 saw Minnesota list 10,000 farm auctions as compared with a seasonal average of 300, for one example only. Despite an officially admitted growing shortage of milk and dairy products, thousands of fine dairy herds are being sold for beef cattle because dairy farms have been thoughtlessly stripped of their workers for military service or industrial centers. Yet while farming suffers for lack of labor, thousands are still unemployed in large cities and many large manufacturing plants have been discovered holding on their rolls as much as 30% extra labor in anticipation of increased business or losses through the draft. Proper government regulation would stop all that.

Although a sensible distribution of manpower would straighten out this muddle, it has been seriously proposed that American wives and mothers be drafted for industrial and agricultural work. Thoughtful Americans realize fully the serious implications of such a move, but a certain great lady assures us that all the dangers and difficulties can be eliminated by a sovietizing of American home life. In other words, working mothers and fathers living comparatively near their work would practically give up their family life in favor of community feeding and other communal activities. Their children under school age would be taken care of by something on the order of government nurseries. Mothers and fathers working some distance from home would turn their offspring over to government agencies to be brigaded, housed, fed, clothed and entertained by government-trained social workers. So far

no mention has been made of that spiritual and moral training so mandatory to democracy's future safety and which is the very first responsibility of parenthood; and, of course, no substitute at all has been proposed for the love and family ties which account for so many human virtues. Any nation has come to a sad plight when its future morality must be sacrificed on the altar of political bungling.

A MERICAN small business—that backbone of our civilization—must also become a Congressional concern with constructive action required. In the past few years, tens of thousands of small businesses have been closed—the corner grocery, small drug stores, butcher shops, hardware stores, shoe stores, gas stations, and innumerable others—shops whose owners have furnished a vast number of local civic leaders and who form an important part of the solid foundations upon which our democracy is based. Congress must realize that the alarming mortality among these middle class enterprises is not due entirely to war, although it is somewhat accelerated by moves claimed necessary for the year's successful progress. It must realize that for some time administration policy has been against middle class private enterprise, these community businesses being forced into liquidation in favor of huge businesses which are so regimented, restricted, regulated and then their profits siphoned off until, in effect, they might as well be State owned and operated.

The labor problem must get much first class attention from Congress. Because the newspapers have carried very little about recent strikes, due to an ever tightening censorship on both foreign and internal happenings, the public does not realize the extensives of strikes. Recently it was reported on the floor of Congress that during last June, 80,722 workers were on strike at different times, causing a loss of 254,000 man-days. During last July strikes involved 84,775 workers for a loss of 233,614

man-days. For the week ending August 29, 17,730 were on strike, causing a loss of 31,628 man-days. Similar conditions prevailed until the week ending October 10, the last figures available, when 22,879 strikers caused a loss of 48,280 man-days. The above figures are only a few of those which might be given since Pearl Harbor; figures which, if set before the public, would simply astound it and be very, very depressing. Very few strikes are due to the selfishness of the workers involved, for labor forms one of the nation's most patriotic groups—men and women who realize the vital necessity of production for our boys on many fronts. Many workers have sons and daughters in the service and so put all they have into their efforts. Yet there are selfish workers; and there are also cases in which employers have deliberately invited strikes, hoping thereby to place strikes and strikers in a bad light. But most of the strikes are due to the nefarious activities of labor union racketeers, many of whom have been revealed by the Dies Committee as being underworld characters with scores of crimes recorded against them. For political reasons our administration has toadied to such men disgustingly, operating as they do under administration benediction. It is deplorable that our government's executive branch has not cleaned up such conditions with the same firmness with which it demanded that the Congress either handle the farm price problem to its satisfaction by a certain date or else surrender its Constitutional powers to the Chief Executive. Although various agencies have been set up which are supposed to cope successfully with labor problems, evidently they lack a definite policy or else, in many cases, are given insufficient official support. It looks as if Congress should establish well-defined labor policies which aim at the national good, at the same time establishing agencies with ample powers of enforcement without interference. Politics or no politics, all national efforts must be bent

toward the quick and successful termination of the war and towards a wider justice at all times. Labor racketeers must be no exceptions to the decency and justice expected in the American scheme of things, despite their large campaign contributions or their alleged ability to deliver votes. Even labor cannot save a political dynasty when the public is aroused as it now appears to be.

The above matters are just a few of the important ones which our new Congress must tackle successfully. Space prevents many more from even being mentioned here, but the public knows most of them. Taxes, for instance, if inflation and a swamping debt are to be eliminated, must not be approached in the gingerly fashion of the previous Congress, but must be handled frankly, honestly, and fearlessly in the American tradition. Despite the apparent opinions of some of our leaders, biology has not changed: the American civilian population has inherited the ability to take it which characterized their ancestors and which, every day, on every front in the war, is causing their sons and daughters to perform acts of courage, heroism, and self sacrifice which history may equal but never surpass. Airedales still produce Airedales, not poodle dogs; and poodle dogs, incidentally, do not produce wolfhounds. This thought might be passed along to those in charge of suppressing all non-glamorous news, especially that which does not affect military security.

But, no matter what comes before it during its term of office, the present Congress must keep ever foremost in its mind the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, late Supreme Court Justice: "We do not lose the right to condemn either measures or men because the country is at war." We, as private citizens, must also keep this idea uppermost in our minds, for when we fail to openly express constructively meant opinions concerning the administration of our public affairs, we fail to live democratically.

Marvels Never Cease

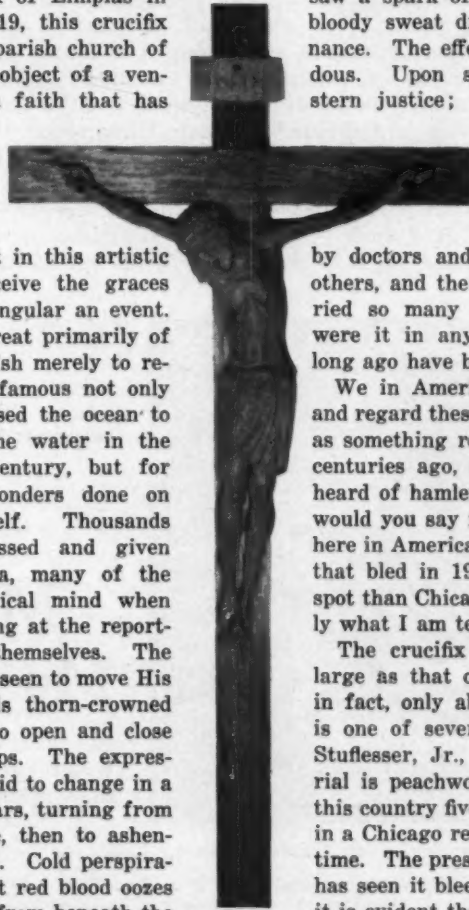
Marie Lauck

ONE OF the great wonders of our day is the Miraculous Crucifix of Limpias in Spain. Since March 30, 1919, this crucifix above the high altar in the parish church of the little town has been the object of a veneration and the center of a faith that has brought hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims from all parts of Spain to witness the extraordinary phenomena that God has deigned to manifest in this artistic wooden crucifix, and to receive the graces lavished at the time of so singular an event.

As this article is not to treat primarily of the Crucifix of Limpias, I wish merely to remind you that the cross is famous not only for having miraculously caused the ocean to recede when carried into the water in the middle of the eighteenth century, but for the countless signs and wonders done on the agonizing corpus itself. Thousands and thousands have witnessed and given testimony to the phenomena, many of the witnesses being of a skeptical mind when they came to see, even scoffing at the reported miracles they saw for themselves. The figure of Christ is sometimes seen to move His grief-filled eyes, to turn His thorn-crowned head in various directions, to open and close His parched and burning lips. The expression on the countenance is said to change in a manner that moves one to tears, turning from the ordinary color to purple, then to ashen-gray and the pallor of death. Cold perspiration covers the body. Bright red blood oozes from the wounds, especially from beneath the crown of thorns, and trickles down upon the face, shoulders, and breast. The parted lips show the mouth filled with foam and blood, and at times a fresh stream gushes forth from the sacred wound of His side. Sinners are converted and persons afflicted with incurable diseases are suddenly healed in the presence of this prodigy.*

On June 25, 1919, during a High Mass at the

* *Wonders of the Miraculous Crucifix of Limpias, Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.*



Bleeding
Crucifix
of Chicago

altar of the Crucifix, hundreds in the church saw a spark of life flash over the face, and bloody sweat drip from the afflicted countenance. The effect on the throng was stupendous. Upon scoffers the face looks with stern justice; upon the faithful it smiles.

Sometimes the face appears illuminated; at other times in direst agony. Countless written testimonials have been signed

by doctors and medical students as well as others, and the daily press of Spain has carried so many accounts of the marvel that were it in any sense a deception, it would long ago have been uncovered.

We in America are wont to look abroad and regard these extraordinary manifestations as something remote. Either they took place centuries ago, or they occurred in some unheard of hamlet in a distant land. But what would you say if I were to tell you that right here in America we have a crucifix that bleeds, that bled in 1942, and in no more remote a spot than Chicago, Illinois? Yet that is exactly what I am telling you.

The crucifix of which I speak is not as large as that of Limpias, nor as old. It is, in fact, only about eighteen inches high. It is one of several hand-carved by Ferdinand Stuesser, Jr., of Ortisei, Italy. The material is peachwood. The crucifix was sent to this country five years ago and has been either in a Chicago rectory or church ever since that time. The present priest owner of the crucifix has seen it bleed about a dozen times, though it is evident that the bleeding has taken place much oftener, at times when no one was near to see it. That can be told or deduced from the blood clots which form and discolor the wounds. There was no appearance of blood on the crucifix when it was acquired, and none of the others purchased at the same time have been so blessed. Informed of the bleeding the carver came from Italy and was amazed at the sight.

The bleeding is in the wounds in the hands, feet, and in the right side. The corpus has never bled from the crown of thorns. Sometimes it bleeds

from the mouth. The bleeding is not always from all places at once. Usually it bleeds only from two or three wounds, or only from the side and mouth. One eye-witness who held and handled the crucifix describes the discoloration as being "like that caused by blood, and around each wound, and at the left corner of the mouth are little 'running' brown lumps, such as would be formed by blood that clotted." The face of the corpus bears an expression of intense agony.

While the crucifix has never been publicized and certainly no occasion has been created to capitalize on it either by fame or publicity, thousands of persons have seen it. However, of this number probably not more than forty or fifty have seen it bleed. The last time (at this November writing) the phenomenon occurred was this past September 17, Feast of the Stigmatism of St. Francis.

As yet the archdiocesan authorities have made

no official statement about the matter, and for that reason the name of the church and the pastor are withheld in this article. No doubt there is some purpose in so rare a spectacle, and when that purpose can be achieved the Church in her local Ordinary will direct the faithful to this object of wonderment.

It is not my province to interpret this striking phenomenon. But in humble and sincere faith I can say that if ever the world needed such a grace it is today. Other writers have pointed to the fact that "The War is the Passion," that the Mystical Body of Christ is now going through the same bitter agony that 1900 years ago the *real* Christ underwent. I am grateful that God has deigned to manifest His power and His love and His divine ingenuity in this day of materialism and rationalism, not only in stricken Spain, but also in our beloved America.



Photograph by Signal Section, Hq. Armored Force

Beginning Advent with Holy Mass at Third Group Chapel, A.F.R.T.C., Ft. Knox, Ky.
Celebrant: Father Victor Dux, O.S.B., Chaplain Third Group

Mass for a Massed Army

Father Victor Dux, O.S.B., Catholic Chaplain A.F.R.T.C., 3rd Group, Ft. Knox, Ky.

You know how our good Catholic folks, especially the men, like to crowd the rear of the church on Sundays, leaving the front pews vacant, or nearly so. Well, things are no different when men enter the Army. Although the accompanying photo does not show the entire congregation, it may safely be demonstrated on the strength of the above preamble that the Third Group Chapel at Fort Knox, Ky., was completely filled on the rainy, very disagreeable Sunday morning when the picture was taken. Of course, if my word counts, I gladly give you my word, too, since I was the privileged celebrant of this Mass on the First Sunday of Advent.

Certainly it is a privilege for any priest to offer the sublime Sacrifice of the Mass for any congregation. But I feel it is a special privilege to bring to these massed men of action the grand Action that is the Mass, to consecrate for them the Bread of the Strong that is the Holy Eucharist.

People who are able to worship God in the hallowed shelter of their own parish churches may justly thank God for a prerogative so sacred. There they have the abiding presence of God Who remains with them in the tabernacle. Although one or other of the chapels on this Post have that privilege, it is not ours here in the Third Group of the Replacement Center. Here, the Divine Presence leaves us with the retreating steps of the last communicant. I set these things down to remind you briefly that all Catholic civilians should use more fully and fruitfully the precious time that is theirs during Holy Mass, that they should make frequent and potent use of visits to the Blessed Sacrament outside of Mass time, and receive worthily and often the Lord of Life. He is the Lord of Life and of Death. Pray the Mass for your soldiers that they may always live the life of grace. Pray for their Chaplains who bring to them Christ living in the Mass.

UP BY BIG BUTTE



by
MARY LANIGAN
HEALY



DECORATION by
PVT. L. BURLAND
— ARMY AIR FORCE —

CHAPTER TWO

(Continued)

INTO the living room Julia's Mind wandered, surveying affectionately the outmoded furnishings. There were tall backed upholstered chairs and a chesterfield and an ornate mantle piece. Old and used as they were, they none the less suited the high ceilinged rooms and certainly went well with the Mannings themselves who could not afford to humor the transient moods of those artists who drew fashion sketches for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*. The lines of the room were such that not even more than a score of wise cracking, feet tapping, teen-agers could make it seem over crowded.

The walls of the library were lined with hers and Tom's and the children's books. Her own collection had begun in childhood and her own boys and girls had always considered it a privilege to turn the pages of "a book you had when you were a little girl." Tom's books too were boys' books, limp from thumbs, yet rich with adventure and achievement. Having taken a generous portion from between their covers long ago, there were yet lusty leavings for the boys. Newer books were there of the children. Would they some day cart off their books to houses of their own? A thick legged mahogany table was set right beneath the center light. This was the "home work table." It was the place where Clare's slim fingers directed a pencil in clever "designs" of women's clothes.

Sometimes, Clare would look up and say, with dreams all tangled in her eyes, "Someday I'll learn how to do these right"—or something. Her eyes would glow and become clear again and watching, Julia was sure the dreams would likewise straighten out into accomplishment at the proper time. Sue sat there too, round face puckered into concentration. "Let's see, if John has two apples and I have one—" Hank would interrupt, "Catch you just having one if there were two in the first place." "Oh, mother," Sue would plead, but before she could really wail, Hank would say, "I'll check your paper, if you want, when you're through," and peace would take its place again at the library table. Dave nearly always did his studying in his room. Sometimes he'd study late and she'd find him, hair ruffled, over a book when she went upstairs to bed. He'd look so tired she'd say, "Better turn in, Dave," and mumbling under his breath he'd reassure her "it is for calculus and not you, Mom."

The bedrooms were all wide and airy. Clare's was on one side and asleep there Clare would be a lovely sight. Her dark hair would accent the fairness of her skin and her closed eyes would conceal the pleasant dreams behind them which the softly curved lips would declare. Sue always slept with her two palms pressed beneath a chubby cheek, in the posture she struck coming back from Holy

Communion. Hank relaxed completely. It was as though he could just go ahead in comfort and be himself at night instead of trying to keep before everyone's mind his self portrait as a man. Asleep, he was a child, freckled faced, guileless, and sweet. Awake he was a sixteen year old, with a chip padding the shoulder of his coat. Dave! Julia couldn't even contemplate this eldest without a catch in her throat. She'd never known how wonderful it could be to mother a boy child who eventually grew taller than herself.

As though she'd been roving through the house, Julia's mind came back to the big room she shared with Tom. How comforting it was to have Tom

here. How good it had been these twenty-five years, the two of them planning together, then smiling together whether or not the plans worked out.

It was as though she were taking inventory of her possessions tonight. Taking stock so she'd know what there was to draw upon before the three newcomers arrived next Saturday night. Julia was satisfied and proud as she settled to go to sleep. Satisfied and proud she was but properly fearful of what she was about to undertake. Quite naturally she made an appeal so she could go to sleep, "Oh Mary, Mother of God, please give me the wisdom I'll need. Please, Mary, keep us in mind here, near Big Butte, please."

CHAPTER THREE

THE WEATHER in a mountain country is downright impulsive. If the clouds take a notion to douse the hills and valleys, they do so, without preamble or apology. Just like that and it's over. Nor is there any pouting afterwards. With a good wet shower out of its system, the sky shines its brightest smile and in no time at all the air and earth are dry and warm.

The days themselves move along in vivid individuality. If a night comes along during the fulness of the moon, then that particular night is one of limpid loveliness. All the boulders along the slopes turn their bare faces toward the clean illumination and gratefully find beauty, and the pine trees stand motionless with their dark pointed tops for all the world like huge finger tips lifted in fragrant prayer. The towns and cities share the glory of the nights when the moonlight comes. Then all the houses, all the shops, even the ragged mine shafts become softened in shape and shade, like violin tones that seep softly past a muted wooden bridge.

Oh, the beauty of nights when the moon is round over the peaks is unforgettable. But then, too, so is that of the sooty nights and the brilliant days. In any season, the mountainous country gives its people something to cherish and remember.

Even the coming of a single day is spectacular. Abruptly night makes up its mind to clear the way for dawn. Scarcely has it time to drag its last grey cloak over the ridge of the horizon, before the sunrise has impatiently daubed the sky in swift but expert strokes of color. Then when the quota of daytime is used up, there's no reprieve at all in the matter of twilight or dusk or those other charming compromises. The sun takes a bow dramatically in a brave flourish of glorious tones, and the night comes back, complete master of the land.

That Saturday night when the long railroad train came winding around the elevations surrounding Copper City, it was deep dark by eight o'clock.

All the Mannings but Julia had gone to the station to meet the California cousins. It had been Clare's idea that Julia stay home, rather than go along with the rest. Clare had said, "Mom, maybe this sounds kind of silly but I think it would be swell for Fran and Barney and Ruth to see you waiting in our doorway the first time they come up the steps. It would make it sort of homelike for them."

Julia had answered, "I'm practically in the doorway now and I don't think there's anything silly with the idea at all. There's something pretty comforting about someone waiting to welcome travelers in the lighted doorway of a home."

"That's it, Mom," Clare had agreed. "If nobody has to fuss around for keys or lights... it will be different."

Waiting alone, Julia glanced at her watch. It wasn't yet time to make the cocoa. The train would still be creeping along the mountain side, more time than distance from the station. Round and round the hills curved the tracks, cautiously coming at last to the level of the valley. She hoped the lights of the town would attract the attention of Kate's three youngsters. Poor pets. It would be much better to be concerned with the dazzling pocket-full of illumination in the mountain vastness, than to be looking back to their home in California, where their Mother was to undergo an operation in the morning.

Julia began strolling through the house, pressing electric light switches as she went. It was with a reckless gesture that she sent each room into a flood of light. The dining-room, the kitchen and now the porch came instantly out of its hiding at the magic of electricity loosed by her finger on a

button. As she came to the back porch she looked up to the black meter box on the wall, perched somberly as through in judgment. Deliberately Julia snapped her fingers in the direction of the small hands set in motion with the current.

"That for you!" she exclaimed aloud for the benefit of that carefully calculating box. At the sound of her fingers poor Trixie came purring and pushing about her ankles. "Not you, Trix," Julia assured him. "I didn't mean *that* for you." She stooped and rubbed his head and in grateful delight he shot beneath her palm so that all of him might partake of the caress. Julia could feel the ecstasy fairly buzzing out of the arched back. "Cats surely like affection," she thought, "but then who doesn't?" This brought her mind back to her guests. She glanced at her watch again. She'd better put the cocoa on. It took a while for a large amount to come to a boil. She'd make plenty so everyone could have more than any measured amount.

Trix confidently followed her into the kitchen and waited while she washed her hands and took out the deep kettle. At sight of the half gallon of milk, he stationed himself expectantly beside his own bowl. The nerve! as though he were accustomed to such between meal snacks. The drone of his purr was good company. "Left your motor running again, Trix," she said and laughed. That was a pretty stock joke with the Mannings about purring cats but she liked it. She took down cups and saucers and placed them in stacks on the kitchen table. Everyone would come out for a cup and carry it to the living room. It would be better to have them all moving about helping themselves rather than sitting formally about a table. Then the living room would be nice afterward.

Next Julia went into the library, where the radio was, and twirled the dial until she discovered a swaggering sort of tune. Now if only it would keep that tempo for the next few hours.... and not betray her by lapsing into some of these haunting minor toned melodies you heard so much.... the kind that could make you want to cry even when you had no cause for grief at all.

When they came at last she heard the car breathing on the incline in time to go out and meet them. The headlights stared toward the School of Mines buildings for a moment and then went out. She knew Tom was driving, for he remembered to pamper the battery while the boys sometimes forgot.

"Here we are, Mom. They came!" She called out as though they'd been braced for possible disappointment up until the last.

There was a moment of confusion with opening doors and shifting bags; then she was aware of the young Mannings coming toward her. "Oh, Aunt Julia!" from Frances. "Hello, Aunt Julia," from the other two. Then somehow or other the three of them were accommodated for a brief moment in her arms. However it was, they fitted there, the gangling Barney, the slender height of Frances, and wiry little Ruth. In that one moment Julia realized that the three of them were confiding to the enclosure of her arms the story of what had happened to their once stable home background, about aKte's white face and the worried eyes of Ed. As wordlessly as they spoke to her, Julia answered. Perhaps they knew what she was saying through the mute medium of her arms. Perhaps it helped them to know that their Aunt Julia comprehended some of the things welling up in their hearts this first night away from home.

When Julia spoke she simply said, "Come on in, everybody. There's a pot of cocoa heating."

"It is getting chilly," Tom observed.

Sue said, "I hope you made it with lots of sugar, Mom."

"Nice not to have to worry about getting fat," Hank put in; "that's one grand thing about being fat already."

"Oh, you," Sue looked up at him. "You know very well you like it good and sweet too."

Coats and hats were taken off and piled high on the hall rack, which was out of date but terribly useful. They all gathered in the living room. Frances was slim and golden skinned from the sun. Hank exclaimed, admiringly, "Gee! Fran looks like a movie star, doesn't she?" "Hey! How about me?" Barney asked. The same height as Hank, Barney lacked his cousin's weight and appearance of robust health. Nevertheless the skin of his lean face and neck was a deep bronze shade, as was that of the little Ruth. Barney walked into the center of the room to display his sun tan, then remarked, "We do it up brown in Southern California, all right, all right."

"Yeah," Dave agreed, "everything but your football teams. Why even the School of Mines could beat those punks you've been turning out the last few seasons. Say, they'd get done up brown everytime they hit a real ball club."

"Don't mind Dave," Clare advised Barney; "that's just his delicate way of informing you that the School of Mines *does* have a team and if you prove interested he might even confide that the quarterback is none other than Big Dave Manning, himself."

Dave grinned and made a threatening lunge

toward Clare's arrangement of sausage circumference curls. "Don't you dare, you..."

Dave helpfully supplied as Clare gasped for a fitting term, "Were you going to say, 'Big Quarterback,' little sister?" He sat then on the arm of the couch near her and from there the talk just naturally got on football. Julia thought it was as if somebody blew a whistle and from then on they all knew what to do. Football's a good thing for the youth of America. Besides the love of a good game it provides a national language and interest. Now here were these youngsters from the Pacific Coast, perfectly at ease with four others who might have been strangers for all their relationship. The old familiar terms were bounding in the air. Rose Bowl, Trojans, Night Games, Hot Dogs and yes! The Victory March. Julia thought it a good time to call Ruth and Sue with her to the kitchen. She almost giggled to herself, "We'll serve cocoa between the halves."

As soon as the rolling boil in the big kettle suited her practiced glance Julia gave the little girls the napkins and do-nut trays and called out, "Clare! Frances! Hank! Come on everybody! Cocoa's done!"

When the cautious procession bearing steaming cups returned to the front room, Tom was on his knees doing something to the blazing fire in the fire place. "If you'd been an Indian you'd be the Fire Maker, Dad," she smiled at the bulk of his back.

"And you the Fire Squaw, Mrs. Manning," he threw her a flash of white teeth over his shoulder. "We're all addicts to open fires," she explained. "It's a family weakness. Indians or not."

"Just you wait until we take you to a wiener roast up Big Butte, Ruth." Sue bounced in excitement but stopped short at a glance from Hank. "I wasn't thinking of the eating," she demurred before he had time to voice the expected taunt, "I was going to tell Ruth about the view." That was enough to give them all the laugh they needed and with the glow of the fire over them and the flickering shadows fingering the stairway in the hall, they were a sheltered and warm group.

Julia thought she'd better let them talk about their mother then. She knew it would be hard to talk but much harder if the talking were left undone.

"Tell us what the doctor says about your Mother, Frances."

Haltingly the girl began. Then her sweet voice gathered strength as though the presence of her listeners was a help. She faltered however when she said, "I don't think she'd be sick again if she

hadn't been so active after the last operation. If only I'd have quit school to stay home to take care of her."

"No," the deep tone of Tom Manning's voice came like a steadying hand on the shoulder of the group. "No, Frances. You mustn't have ideas like that. First of all, it would not have been a rest for your Mother to have you home. She'd have fretted herself into illness over your not going on with your education."

"Mother would be like that, Uncle Tom. I guess you're right."

"Yes, I think I am. So keep that in mind Frances. Neither you nor aBarney nor Ruth nor your Dad could have avoided this new illness. She's to undergo a serious operation tomorrow and you'll just have to leave it to God to see her safely through.... You must believe that whatever is His Will is good and right. As for you three, there are two ways you can help your mother—and your Dad."

"You mean to pray, don't you Uncle Tom?" small Ruth asked.

"Yes dear."

"And what else?" Barney wanted to know, a dark flush behind his brown skin as though eager to begin whatever service he could offer those two loved ones.

"You can pray and be happy."

"But how can we?" cried out Frances, all her young fear and fright in her voice. "How can we be happy with her so sick and Dad so worried?"

It seemed to Julia that there was a crisis in the room. It was as though they were all waiting for some word which would decide their future. As though they would believe the words of the older man, if his confidence was in sufficient abundance to divide. Julia knew that Tom Manning had enough, more than enough of the precious quality to share. Who could know more than she of his secret wealth. He wasn't just giving these youngsters a pep talk. He wasn't trying to sell a superficial thing. Rather he was indicating to them a flash of that glorious faith in Divine Providence by which he lived, which was the pattern of his days.

"We'll have to believe that your Mother will be taken care of properly *whatever happens*. We'll look forward to a happy convalescence for her and a quiet restful time with your Dad. She'll be built up in no time if she's able to concentrate on that. But we've got to build up here. We've got to be as strong as she and care as much as she did about the things she put first. She put you, Fran, ahead of herself and old Barney there and Ruth. I don't blame her. You're great kids. Now put her ahead of yourselves."

(To be continued)

School Days

in

The Life and Time of St. Meinrad

Peter Behrman, O.S.B.

ST. BENEDICT, the Patriarch of the Western Monks, at the beginning of the 6th century placed the cradle of the Benedictine Order on Monte Cassino, the highest mountain of Southern Italy, in order to safeguard it against the inroads of the barbarians. It was for similar reasons of protection that St. Pirminius in the beginning of the 8th century located his Benedictine foundation on an island called Reichenau, in Lake Constance in Switzerland.

Probably neither Benedict, looking down from Monte Cassino, nor Pirminius, looking up from his waterbound solitude into the beautiful peaks of the surrounding Alps, realized how well each under the guidance of Divine Providence had planned. For the one founded an Order that was destined to become the salvation of Christendom, and the other founded an Abbey that became, and remained, a fountain of Christian civilization and culture for a thousand or more years.

When St. Pirminius first set foot on Reichenau, it was looked upon as an uninhabitable, gloomy home of snakes and crocodiles. But the thrifty hands of his forty fellow-monks soon lifted the gloom and let the sun shine in by clearing out dense thickets and lofty forests. Garden patches were also laid out and monastic buildings erected. It was not long until an ever increasing number of postulants arrived and with their additional help the island of snakes and crocodiles was soon changed to a monastic paradise.

By the beginning of the ninth century Reichenau was already the most flourishing abbey in all

German-speaking Europe, the home of 700 monks, the mother of several other monastic foundations, wielding a benevolent influence on the religious and cultural life of

Switzerland and Southern Germany. As many as 500 pupils attended the monastic school conducted by the Abbey, which in time was to become the Alma Mater of 18 archbishops, 60 bishops, and of 29 abbots governing abbeys other than Reichenau. For several centuries Reichenau continued to flourish; then, under the stress of times in the different centuries through which it passed, the Abbey had its periods of decline as well as of reform, until finally in 1757 it succumbed completely to the long continued machinations of powerful and greedy adversaries. However, although the Abbey of Reichenau has disappeared, its spirit and tradition still live on, not only in the abbeys of Switzerland, but also in the American Abbey of St. Meinrad, which, both through its motherhouse, the Abbey of Einsiedeln, and through its Patron Saint, claims kinship of spirit and tradition with the great Abbey of Reichenau.

The educational system of the Monastic Schools, due to the benevolent influence of Charlemagne, and under the direction of Alcuin, "the School Master of the Middle Ages," was quite uniform. Our understanding of the educational program of one school affords an understanding of the program of all the others. A picture of Reichenau is the picture of St. Gall, Corby, Fulda, and a dozen others of less renown.

However, the educational system of the Monastic Schools differed greatly from our own public school system. If it differed in methods, it differed still

more in aims. In our public schools the Holy Name of God durst hardly be mentioned; eternity and all that the word implies is taboo. Only the short span of the present life of the pupil and his fitting into our intricate, social system is the concern of our teachers. The



Meinrad is received at Reichenau

monks of old put first things first. God, the Creator, must first of all be honored and served; the pupil must first think and strive for a happy eternity; then, with the peace of soul that follows from such a procedure, and the blessing of God added, the maximum of true happiness can be obtained in this life as well as in eternity.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Holy Scripture played an important part in the monastic educational system. It was a means as well as an end of primary education. The students were obliged to study Latin in order to be able to read and understand Holy Scripture, and again, it was through the study of Holy Scripture that the student attained the knowledge of Latin so fundamental in acquiring an education.

Monastic schools were generally divided into the inner and the outer school. The inner school, so called because it was located inside the monastic enclosure, was exclusively for boys who intended to become monks. All other boys attended the outer school. At Reichenau four-fifths of the students attended the outer school. We do not know for certain whether St. Meinrad studied in the inner or outer school; however, judging from the fact that he seems to have been ordained priest before making his vows as a monk, we presume that he attended the outer school. The schedule of studies in both schools was essentially the same, at least for the grammar grades.

In 1856, Martin Marty, later first abbot at St. Meinrad, compiled, after an exhaustive study of the writings of Walafrid Strabo, who was a fellow-student of St. Meinrad, an outline of the schedule of studies obtaining at Reichenau at the time Meinrad was a pupil there. The following short sketch is an abridgement of Abbot Marty's more exhaustive study.

Meinrad, or Meginrad, as he was called in his day, a Suabian, scion of the noble family of Hohenzollern, came to Reichenau in 808 as a boy of about 11 years. One of the first things that impressed the lad, no doubt, was the uninterrupted hum of many voices chanting psalms and canticles in the Abbey Church. It was the "*Laus Perennis*" that Meinrad heard, that unending praise which 700 monks, divided into 25 choirs, rendered to the Most High, day and night without intermission.

In our time so little is known of the "*Laus Perennis*" that even the meaning of the term has fallen into oblivion, a clear indication that the underlying idea of the "*Laus Perennis*" of old, namely, that it is man's first duty to praise his Creator, has nowadays become somewhat obscured.

In those days, when all was country, and cities were few and far between, going to Reichenau was

what going to a city is nowadays for a country boy. Meinrad, at first, felt lost in the large halls and out of place among so many strangers. Doubtless, during those first days at Reichenau, he sometimes cast wistful looks toward the Rhine, which like a wide highway peacefully wended its way to the north toward his homeland. But as soon as school-work began in earnest, there was little time left for idle musings.

The first few months Meinrad spent in studying the Latin alphabet and in learning laboriously how to read and write Latin and German. Then regular lessons in Latin grammar were begun. "Donatus" was the most popular grammar in use at the time. But the text-book was for the master, not for the pupil. Since all books had to be copied by hand, they were considered too precious to be given into the hands of the beginners.

Explanation of the rules of grammar were given by the master in the morning and then committed to memory by the students, who were coached by means of the persistent questioning and drilling of the senior students. The afternoons were employed in making written applications of the rules learned in the morning. Lessons in singing, especially in Gregorian Chant, were likewise an integral part of the daily routine. Toward evening the master would regale his disciples by telling them an interesting story from the Bible; this the pupils in turn were obliged to memorize and repeat as accurately as possible on the following morning.

After nearly a year thus spent on etymology and the elements of grammar, syntax was taken up. From then on the pupils, except during recreation periods, had to speak Latin. The daily instructions in the rules of grammar continued until all had been covered, but this was only half the year's Latin program. The major task outlined for the second year was the study of the Psalter.

Every day a psalm or a part of a psalm was read in Latin by the master; this the students copied as well as they could, word for word, on their wax tablets. At the end of the dictation the tablets were exchanged and corrected under the direction of the master, who, thereupon, gave an explanation of the meaning of the psalm. Finally, the psalm was committed to memory. In this way, during the course of the year, the entire psalter of 150 psalms was memorized, an accomplishment which must have made Meinrad and his companions very happy, for from that time on they were permitted to participate with the monks in the sacred psalmody on all Sundays and Feast Days.

Sundays, in fact, and Holy Days—of which there were almost as many as there were Sundays—brought more real joy and recreation to the people

of the Middle Ages than they do to Catholics of our own cold, industrial age. These days were looked forward to, not so much because they afforded relaxation from the daily routine of work or study, but because the people of those days better understood and more actively participated in the celebration of the holy festivals. Consequently, they looked upon church-going not as something burdensome, but as a holy enjoyment.

Beginning the third year perhaps shortly after the apple-harvest, when a few days of vacation were generally given to the boys of Reichenau, Meinrad and his fellows, with renewed zeal, returned to their study of Latin. I say Latin, for, though it is true that German was also studied, the books in German were few, and there were other difficulties connected with the study of it. German had not yet crystallized into one, uniform language; grammatical construction was vague, and not even the alphabet was definitely established. Probably the reader will be surprised that so far nothing has been mentioned about arithmetic, which in our day is commonly taught in the lower grades. In the monastic schools the study of all branches of mathematics was not begun until the Trivium—which consisted of grammar, logic and rhetoric—had been concluded successfully. That was about the eighth year of the curriculum.

The third year of Latin at Reichenau was devoted to the study of Latin Poetry. To make their study both practical and useful in the service of God, the hymns of the breviary were translated and memorized in a manner similar to that in which the psalms had been during the previous year.

However, not only Church hymns were studied. Prosper, Juvenius, Sedulius, and other Latin poets were sedulously read and studied, while the dialogues of Alcuin and the distichs of Cato usually became special favorites with the students. For Meinrad, who was of a studious and poetic disposition as well, this third year of Latin must have been interesting. Before he realized it, the time, and with it the study of Latin grammar came to a close. Nevertheless, before he was permitted to graduate, he was obliged to spend another year in the study of Latin in order to round out the course. During this fourth year special instructions were given in the

use of figures and tropes. Examples for the clarification of the master's discourse were taken from Holy Scripture, while the pupils had to find other examples from Statius, Lucian, and other Latin authors whom they were reading. Not all the time of the senior students of the Latin school was taken up by this reading. Some of the best qualified, among them Meinrad, assisted the master in giving instructions to the first grade boys. Others spent much time in copying standard Latin textbooks of grammar. But, as the end of the school year drew nearer, all put in much time reviewing thoroughly all three parts of Grammar, namely, etymology, orthography and prosody, in anticipation of the examinations preceding their promotion to the school of Rhetoric.

Toward the end of summer or in early autumn, on the day appointed, the examinations were conducted in a rather solemn and impressive manner. Abbot Hatto, one of the greatest scholars of the times, loved to preside at them whenever he was not prevented from doing so by the more important duties connected with his triple dignity of Abbot, Bishop, and Imperial Counsellor. In his absence Erlebold, the head of the inner school, who was a great-uncle of Meinrad, officiated. Each student was called upon to give an account of his studies in etymology, orthography, and prosody. He was further questioned regarding the various Latin authors that he had read and studied, the Psalms and Hymns of the Divine Office, and Bible history covered during the past four years.

Those who were deficient in some point or other were admonished to seek further instruction on that point; those who had been careless and negligent were scolded publicly by the presiding examiner. The others who were deserving received words of encouragement and even praise, if praise were due. Since this was the end of the primary school, a number of Meinrad's classmates now left for home in order to be initiated into the art of fencing and other skills and trades peculiar to the career of knight-hood. For his part, Meinrad, who had it in mind to dedicate his life to God, and the majority of his classmates were promoted to the school of Rhetoric. They had passed the first milestone of their education.

The three years of rhetoric were devoted



The ordination of Meinrad

ed to the study of and practices in the various forms of Latin composition. Dialectics was a special branch of rhetoric in which the students perfected themselves in the art of argumentation. History and Law also were taught in this school. At the end of the course, with which was completed the Trivium—the first major division in medieval studies—the students were obliged to undergo another examination in order to find out who could qualify to take up the studies of the Quadrivium.

Just about the time when Meinrad finished his course in rhetoric, there was celebrated at Reichenau a festival so impressive and so expressive of the liturgical spirit of the times that we cannot forego the temptation of giving the reader a short description of it.

On account of the rapid increase of monks as well of students at Reichenau in the beginning of the 9th century the abbey church became entirely too small. Abbot Hatto determined to do something about it. In 810 the foundations were laid for a new abbey church of large proportions. In style it was German Romanesque, one of the very first churches built in this type of architecture. The monks themselves were the architects, builders and decorators. In 816 the magnificent new church was ready for consecration. People came in great crowds from far and near to attend the consecration ceremonies. Many abbots and bishops also were present for the occasion. Emperor Louis the Pious, too, sent his representatives, since Abbot Hatto had been a great friend of and Imperial Counsellor of Charlemagne, his father.

Abbot-Bishop Hatto himself, surrounded by numerous bishops and abbots, all in gorgeous vest-

ments, performed the consecratorial ceremony, while the 700 monks of the Abbey together with 500 students of the school formed such a magnificent choir as was never seen or heard before. The vast multitude joined in answering the solemn prayers of the pontifical consecrator. The beautiful consecration ceremony, so significant in its meaning and so grand in its external execution, made a deep impression upon Meinrad and on all who were present, all the more so because they not only saw and heard, but because they understood the prayers and the ceremonies and participated in them actively. It was indeed for all a great liturgical experience not easily to be forgotten.

Shortly after the great event Meinrad and his classmates began the study of the higher branches of learning called the quadrivium, and comprising mathematics, composition and perfection in music, geometry, and astronomy. Ordinarily four, or perhaps five, years were required to complete this series of studies. It had taken Meinrad twelve years to reach the stars, and his education in the medieval sense of the word had been completed.

After finishing the quadrivium there remained for an ambitious student to perfect himself by private study, or to go forth and seek out one of the great masters such as Alcuin, Rhabanus Maurus, or Walafrid Strabo, or to embrace the clerical state. In the latter case two or three more years were spent in the study of theology and liturgy. Meinrad decided to become a priest, and after becoming a deacon in 821 he was soon after ordained a priest, 14 or 15 years of study having been required to reach this goal.

1943 AND THE PROPHETS

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

CRYSTAL gazers, astrologers, and just ordinary fortune-tellers are today a disreputable class. Few intelligent persons place any credence in the oracular pronouncements that are said to be based upon a conjunction of major planets or on the deep furrows of a well-worn palm, for too often these misleading forecasts have left the curious delver into hidden secrets a sadder and wiser—and poorer man.

Quite apart from these mountebanks, though, are a number of souls delicately attuned to supernatural events. With uncanny precision they have been tracing a finger across the blank pages of the future and have left some startling descriptions of historical events, decades and even centuries before those events come to pass. The Holy Spirit grants such charisms to a few favored souls.

In a recent book, "The Prophets and Our Times," the Reverend R. Gerald Culleton has collected a large number of such prophecies which narrate with astonishing accuracy some of the events seemingly of our troubled years. The so-called Prophecy of St. Odile received much notice last year, as did the extraordinary predictions of Nostradamus. Truly if Odile is the authoress of the prophecy ascribed to her, it is

most striking that a Frankish nun of the seventh century should speak of the "conqueror from the banks of the Danube" 1200 years before he appears, should describe the warriors of the air, hurling down fiery darts, and should speak of more than a score of nations participating, when she could scarcely have known half a dozen nations.

This prophecy, like many others uncovered in the course of centuries, is general and vague. One may truthfully say it might apply as well to any age as to our own. But rising above that criticism is the detailed prophecy of the Countess Francesca de Billiante, Princess of Savoy, which is really the account of a vision vouchsafed to this pious and charitable soul in 1925. After telling of the unnatural vices that would be practiced and the persecution which would befall the faithful in the land "of the bent cross," she concludes with these apocalyptic words:

"When the land with the great fleet runs into the Mediterranean, Europe will tremble. God will save Rome from the worst through the intercession of the holy Pope Pius X and the holy martyrs. But France and Spain will sink low and only the intercession of the Immaculate Conception will save them from the worst. I see yellow and red warriors marching against Europe, and Europe will lie engulfed in yellow fumes. In these fumes cattle will die in the pastures. The nations who rose against Christ will die in the flames. Famine will destroy those who remain, so that Europe will be too large. Then there will be many saints. Then the Sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic will travel over the world and lead it back to Christ. Then in an open field the Pope will gather the remaining ones under the Cross. The bent cross will be burnt upon the foreheads of the criminals. The beginning of these times I shall live to see. I am ill from that which I have seen. May God give my children fidelity in their faith."

Since the first part of the Countess's prophecy has been so literally realized, we almost tremble with fear lest the last part, too, come to pass. It is only our recollection of the Biblical predictions, announced by the prophets and later averted by the mercy of God in answer to lives

of penance, that gives us some hope that man may again stay the Hand of Heaven by a penitential life.

One of the most curious prophecies, and one intimately touching 1943, is very short and very general; but whether by chance or by some preternatural power she has done so, the authoress has certainly reason to feel that she could not have been more accurate. In its Latin form the prophecy is concise and easy to remember, even if ungrammatical:

Quando Marcus Pascha dabit, et
Antonius Pentecostabit, et
Joannes adorabit, tunc
Totus mundus vae clamabit.



RING IN THE NEW

This prophecy is imputed to St. Bridget of Sweden, who was born in 1304 and died in 1373. She wrote several pious works, one of which contained her revelations. These were printed in Lubec in 1492; at Nuremberg, 1522; Rome, 1521, 1556, 1606, 1628. In the seventeenth century they were printed also at Ant-

werp, Cologne, and Munich. The prophecy here spoken of was found in a lead case in the vaults of the Benedictine Fathers in the city of Naples.

"When the Feast of St. Mark, April 25, shall fall on Easter, and the Feast of St. Anthony of Padua, June 13, shall occur on the Feast of Pentecost, and that of St. John the Baptist, June 24, shall come on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the whole world shall cry, Woe!"

This threefold concurrence of feasts comes in 1943 for the first time this century. And certainly the world has reason enough and more to cry "Woe."

There are two apparent difficulties about this prophecy, but they are only apparent. First, could St. Bridget, who died in 1373, have known already of a fixed date for the Feast of St. Anthony, who died in 1231? St. Anthony of Padua was raised to the honors of the altar within one year of his death, and since his feast was placed on the day of his death, June 13, it is easily possible for St. Bridget to have known that fact. The second is a bit more complicated. In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII revised the Roman calendar, inserting a period of eleven days after October fourth of that year to adjust the calendar for the slight error in the Julian calendar. Now that change was made two centuries after the death of St. Bridget. Had it not been made, the concurrences, instead of falling in 1943, would have fallen in some other year. If the "prophecy" is a true revelation, then, of course, such contingencies were taken care of by an all-knowing God. If it is not a genuine prophecy, then it certainly is an unusually correct description of the year into which we are entering.

Fortunately there are other prophecies or prophetic utterances that indicate brighter days to come, so that even if we were inclined to believe in such private pronouncements, we still may look forward hopefully and entertain sincere wishes for a happy 1943 for ourselves and others.

THESE days many ideologies are being called democracy which are the very antithesis of the democratic way of life. The Moscow brand of Communism, for example, boldly claims to be democracy's purest form. Based upon many current conceptions of democracy, this claim does not appear to be without foundation; but then, some current ideas of democracy are as far from true democracy as black is from white. Socialism, Communism's more genteel cousin, also claims to be the best thing in democratic living, especially along economic and social lines. Both Communism and Socialism are totalitarian, directly opposite of true democracy which preserves the dignity and individuality of man. Recently a monstrosity has arisen which purports to effect both Communism and Socialism through the beguiling of democratic support. Very deceptively, it promotes its aims under the name of Democratic Socialism, a combination of names whose meanings have no more affinity than oil and water. As a political, social, or economic ideal, Democratic Socialism is no more possible than a black albino.

Despite the claims of the above three ideologies concerning the simon pureness of their democracy, they fool no one except those who are ignorant of what true democracy really is and upon what it is based. Much more misleading is the Liberalism which, using the framework and tools of real democracy, usually succeeds in passing for true democracy in operation. However, students of democracy and its history find in Liberalism the hand of Jacob but the voice of Esau. Since democracy has become the commonly accepted term for the Liberalism which is currently practiced, even by nations which are rated as leaders in democracy, it is sometimes difficult to define clearly the differences between them, especially when current terminology must be used. For this reason, one must often refer to true democracy as Christian Democracy, for true democracy is not the product of pagan nostrums and formulas, but of supernatural revelation of the natural law. In reality, democracy is much more than a physical structure of government through which people express their political opinions by free elections, free speech and free press. It is a way of life in which the intrinsic worth of each and every individual, regardless of color, race, creed or class, is fully recognized and protected. It is, in fact, a large scale operation of the Golden Rule applied to every community activity. It is a community in which every man is an end unto himself, not a relatively unimportant adjunct to the progress of the State.

Since even the most Liberalistic of present day

Christian De

H. C. McGin

Part I

In March THE GRAIL will commence a series of timely discussions of the evils and errors of Socialism, Communism, and Liberalism. It will very briefly outlining the Christian aspects of democracy as developed upon the presentation of the dependence of true American idealism upon being prepared by the author in pamphlet form and will soon be

governments affirm this latter democratic requirement, as opposed to the totalitarian theory that the individual is a pawn to be sacrificed for the State, such governments find their claims of being true democracies greatly enhanced and therefore readily accepted. In this respect they are truly democratic, but one virtue does not cover a multitude of sins. In truth, so alike are the political structures of Liberalist democracies and true democracies that the Liberalist ones may be briefly described as true democracies which have traded their spiritual morality for Liberalism's materialism.

So general has been the application of the term *democracy* to various ways of life, many of them widely differing, that the meaning of the word has become quite elastic. Have you ever asked yourself just what you really mean by that phrase so glibly repeated by you, me, and millions of other Americans when we talk of "the American way of life?" Do we mean the industrial America of the past century in which, until the past few years, labor was nothing more than a commodity in which the buyer set the price and the seller had no voice? Do we mean the America of the days of the blacklist and lockout when the worker requested even a semblance of justice? Do we mean that time when huge corporations and trusts were getting their throttle-hold upon the nation's resources, practicing all forms of piracy at the expense of the common good? Do we mean that America in which 2% of the people controlled 98% of the wealth; or do we mean that nation in which 40% of the people were officially admitted to be living substandard, undernourished existences? Do we mean an economic system which is unconcerned about Okies, southern share-croppers, homeless and migratory workers, and the miserable slums of large cities and industrial centers? Do we mean that nation which denies yet consistently practices discriminations

Democracy

C. McGinnis

Part I

time discussions concerning Christian Democracy as opposed to Liberalism. This two-part article serves as an introduction by McGinnis developed by Catholic philosophers. A more complete ideal upon Catholic political, economic, and social philosophy is d will soon be available.

because of race and color? Do we mean that America in which Big Business profits at the expense of all others or do we mean a country in which labor profits at the expense of agriculture and white-collar workers? Which do we mean: the America of Wall Street or the America of the dole in which starving citizens were strongly urged to give their allegiances to a new political system in exchange for a piece of bread? Do we mean the America of McKinley, or of Wilson, or of Harding, or of Hoover, or of Roosevelt? Or do we, perchance, idealize the America of the bureaucrats, in which non-elective officials selfishly jeopardize the national safety and well being, even in time of war, as they cater to their petty greeds, spite, prejudices, vanities, and ambitions? Since most evidently our idealistic America doesn't mean any of the above, isn't it that we mean the America of the Founding Fathers? That America whose ideals were openly predicated upon the strict observance of religion and morality? Plainly we do, for when people seek justice, they seek the justice of the spiritual way of life, not that of Materialism.

Since the longed-for ideal of the American way of life is undoubtedly the democracy envisioned and planned by the nation's founders, we must compare that democracy with other so-called democracies to see wherein it is closer to true democracy. We must also observe its bases and sources. This we must do very briefly here.

The democracy of the Athenian state in ancient Greece was a good democracy as far as it went. Unfortunately, so far as God's justice is concerned, it didn't go far enough. It was the possession of a very small proportion of the state's citizens, a privileged few. The very few, who mostly derived their status by birth, formed the citizen body of the state and as such exercised more democratic privileges and responsibilities than do the citizens of

modern democracies. Below them was a group of freemen who, generally speaking, had the protection of the law and courts but no voice in government. Below the freemen was still another and much larger class which received only the economic and social morsels which those above chose to toss to them. Taken as a whole, ancient Greece's democracy failed completely to even approach true democracy, for it failed to consider the intrinsic worth of each and every individual and the universality of justice. For a very few it was democracy, to be sure; but for all the others it was a totalitarian state in which the majority of the people existed mostly for the state's benefit. The democracies of the early republics of pagan Rome were much the same. Among certain groups, a high degrees of liberty and private rights existed, but such groups became increasingly smaller in comparison with the growing population. A fairly close counterpart of these ancient examples is to be found in the democracy of the modern British Empire. Here we find forty million inhabitants enjoying a high degree of democratic privilege with the exception of the severe class restrictions which largely destroy the huge reservoir of ingenuity, skill and initiative which a nation's common people always contribute to its success and progress. Yet these few millions are the masters of one-quarter of the world's total population, most of the subject peoples having few, and sometimes none, of the privileges enjoyed by the people of Great Britain.

Ancient democracies had scant ideas concerning the universality of man's natural rights. To them it was not the rights of men but the rights of certain men. The world was sharply divided by class distinctions when Christ came to earth to lay the foundations for a perfect human society. No wonder He was called an anarchist when He passed up the seats of the mighty to go out into the highways and byways to seek the common people. However, His work was not to bear immediate fruit on a large scale. Oppressors always fight a stubborn rearguard action when they are forced to retreat.

The first few centuries of the Church's existence found it fighting desperately to save itself from being wiped out at the hands of pagan oppressors. But before long its teachers and philosophers began to utter very striking pronouncements about the political and social rights of mankind. They based these pronouncements upon the undeniable fact that every man has definite rights under the natural law; that the natural law derives from the eternal law which existed before Creation; that Christ gave practical applications of these laws to the world for its use. They made it very

Primitive Man and His Beliefs

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

Part II

IN THE December (1942) issue of *THE GRAIL* (pp. 373-376) an effort was made to establish on the basis of culture, language, and physique, as the probable survivals of primitive man, the dark-skinned tribes of Southern Asia and Australasia. Theories that were not developed in the first part of this article, such as the embryological theory—which points to the short head, flat nose, receding chin, small arms and legs, large eyes of the pygmoidal Negritos, Veddas, and Jakuns as proof that they still retain the earliest physical characteristics of an incipient race—and geographical or migration theories—which indicate that the cradle of the race was most likely the steppes of Asia—would seem to confirm the conclusion that the descendants of Adam who wandered away from the parent stock very early in history, having inherited the darkened intellect and weakened will of original sin without sharing the aids Almighty God gave to overcome these obstacles, are recognizable in the so-called primitives of the Far East.

Certainly we expect to find no highly complex system of theology nor fully developed moral code among these people. Yet there is not the total absence of the religious sense nor the extreme depravity one might look for under such circumstances. On the contrary, their sense of decency, honesty, and dependence upon God is, in many in-

stances, superior to that of their more cultured civilized brethren.

The question naturally persists, how can savages, unable to count above five, unable to recognize pictures, unable to grasp an abstract idea, ever conceive or retain the theological notion of God. There have been those who, basing their conclusions on the findings of palaeontology, denied to primitive man such powers of mind. But they are fast going out of favor. Probably the most destitute tribes ever located are the pygmy race on the banks of the Ituri River in the Congo territory. When the missionaries recently discovered these bearded little men about four and a half feet high, armed with bows and arrows, they found them able to bring down a flying bird almost without fail. These pygmy men, the missionaries say, are not afraid to attack even herds of elephants. They blind the beasts by shooting arrows into their eyes. These people shun the white man, in fact, humanity of every description not of their tribe. They have no fixed residence. The women sling their babies on their backs and carry their belongings in their hands as they follow the men. When night comes on they erect a temporary shake-down with wattles and leaves. When ordinary food fails, they eat caterpillars and white ants. Yet, even these extremely benighted people worship a Supreme Being and

clear that in God's world, God's laws must govern if society is to fulfill its destiny and become a wholesome, happy body. These philosophers taught that man inherits a natural dignity; that he possesses the inalienable right of freedom of conscience, plus the right of self determination within the bounds of morality. They taught that government must exist by the consent of the governed, who receive from God their authority to designate their rulers and their forms of government. They declared that every man, regardless of station, has an individual destiny and that all men stand equal before their Creator. They showed the necessity for the true brotherhood of man. A modern version and practical application of many of their pronouncements can be found in the Virginia Resolutions, The Declaration of Independence, and the Bill of Rights.

From the 9th century on, we find a long and continuous list of Catholic philosophers, St. Thomas Aquinas among them, who devoted themselves to laying the foundations of human justice as we idealize it today. Early in the thirteenth century, Venice, a Catholic State, became a republic; and although its democratic processes would be very confusing to today's people, they were nevertheless working out practical solutions of man's natural rights in society. But, as we shall next see, it was not until the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries that traditional Catholic doctrines concerning man's rights and responsibilities in political government were put into such definite and concise form that they became the foundations to which all of today's truly democratic ideals of political justice owe a deep and abiding debt.

offer up to Him part of their fruits, honey, and slaughtered game, as an act of thanksgiving.

Why wouldn't man in a primitive state be capable of comprehending the idea of a Supreme Being? His intellect, it is true, may not be developed, but potentially it is capable as is proven by man's survival of the glaciers and other natural disturbances to which many swift and strong animals succumbed. Man, by his ingenuity, survived because he was able to protect himself by fire and weapons and transportation.

If cranial capacity or size of brain signifies anything, man had as much mental acumen ten thousand years ago as he has today, for there is no essential difference between the size of skulls found of glacial man and of inhabitants of the earth, or parts of it, today.

The rock paintings and chromographs of to-day's Australasians and Bushmen show no advance over the relics of the diluvial period. The bone engravings of the American Indian and Eskimo are exactly like those of their palaeolithic forefathers. Trav-

elers assure us that the tribes we generally consider most primitive, equatorial peoples, are capable of adapting means to ends, and causes to effects. If they have difficulty in grasping such abstract terms as immensity, infinity, eternity, it is not because they have no *capacity* for such thoughts, but because the lack of training and practice has destroyed or retarded the *facility* for such notions. The very fact that they have a language at all proves the power of abstraction, though their meagre possessions and simple needs keep their vocabulary to a comparatively few words.

How does such a mind regard God? Let us take a tribe—the Semangs, the aborigines of Molakka—who inhabit the center of a deeply wooded country, surrounded by taller and more powerful tribes and therefore supposedly not invaders, the lowest in the scale of culture, living in an age of bone, wood, and bamboo, whose language cannot be identified with any known dialect. And let us be sure that there is no trace of Hindoo or Western Asiatic influence, no Brahmanism, no pantheism, no Christian, no



PRAY AND WORK

Interrupting their war production work briefly to pay tribute to the soldier dead on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor, workers in the balloon department of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio, bow their heads as Dr. William H. Huber, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Akron, offers prayer. This was one of a series of prayer services held throughout the day by nearly 200 clergymen of all faiths in the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and Goodyear Aircraft Corporation plants at Akron.

St. Benedict's motto of "Pray and Work" was unwittingly put into practice here.

Islamic influence, no knowledge of Christ or circumcision. Surely if such people can comprehend a deity, then all can. Surely, too, in such an idea as theirs we should have a concept of God as nearly a survival of the *real* primitives' knowledge as possible. This is what we find to be believed by the Semangs: the name for God is "Kari," a name not related to any Malayan or Austro-Asiatic tongue. Kari, of supernatural size, now invisible, always existed, even before creation. He knows all things; he can do all things; his will is irresistible. He produced the entire universe by his Word. He commanded "Ple" (a subordinate being) to complete the work. His "breath" is the metaphor used to explain his method of acting. He also prepared a Paradise for man (Island of fruits) where he placed the first couple (Ayer—Water, and Tanah—Earth). Ple produced the body of man, but Kari himself breathed into it the soul. Primitive innocence and immortality, the command to abstain from certain fruits—the palm, the banana—under penalty of death, are traditions of the Semangs. Because of man's disobedience Kari decreed his death, but through the mediation of Ple, the entire race escaped extinction. The deluge is also traditional, as is the judgment after death and admission to eternal joys or condemnation to a boiling lake.

Space does not permit here to take a number of tribes for study, but the similarity is most striking among all these isolated peoples. The Senoi-Sokai, for instance, have the immortal, omniscient "Peng," who is angered by sin, but moved to mercy, the final judge of souls. They, too, have the Paradise of fruits prepared for the first couple, forfeited when they learned to use bamboo to charm the wild animals. The devils were a strong element in the fall, and devil worship has always been practiced in that tribe.

Similar beliefs with modifications are found among the Mantra-Jakuns, the Veddas of India and Ceylon, the Philippine Negritos, the Dayaks of Central Borneo, and dozens of Oceanic and African tribes. That God, the Maker of all, was once visible and walked the earth, that He was offended and later appeased, and that He is worshiped and invoked by his needy children is common to all, though the name by which he is called and the nature of the sacrifices offered to him differ with different tribes.

It is almost a general opinion that uncivilized man is unethical and immoral. It has been assumed as a kind of corollary of evolutionism that man once had nothing but animal ethics. Hardly anything could be farther from the truth. So far is it from the truth, that one is almost justified in advancing the very opposite opinion—the less man has come

into contact with advanced peoples the more untainted is his moral life.

Again for lack of space we must be content here to generalize somewhat rather than to take each of the "primitive tribes." But eminent travelers and ethnologists are our authority for saying that the strictest marital fidelity is found among very many primitive peoples, and divorce is forbidden. Death is the penalty for infidelity. Very few cases of polygamy are known. The grosser crimes often associated with savages, such as cannibalism, infanticide, theft, murder, and head-hunting, are extremely rare and are found only when the primitives have contacted "higher" races. Usually such crimes are the result of pressure or persecution which have destroyed the simplicity of their nomadic life.

Truth, mercy, justice, charity, liberality, and self-sacrifice are common, indeed, and one noted traveler among such peoples testifies: "I have never detected an untruth except one arising from errors of judgment." Respect for women and children, care for the aged and infirm is likewise well attested. They are known to sacrifice food and clothing, even life itself, for the support of the aged and little ones.

The Malakkans are honest and truthful. The only case of abortion known among them resulted in making a social outcast of the transgressor. Crime is rare among them.

Among the Andamanese suicide is unknown as is infanticide. The poor and children are given comforts not afforded those in higher ranks. Among the Veddas only one case of suicide is known, and that was for conjugal infidelity. The women are regarded as man's equal. The first shares of food are given to the women and children. The tribesmen have a keen sense of ownership. Quarrels are rare among them.

And so we might enumerate many others, all amiable, honest, grateful, and hospitable, until we meet more "modern" peoples. As we progress westward from our hypothetical primitives we encounter more and more immorality.

Hence it would seem that early man had enjoyed a supernatural revelation, that though he wandered far from the path of the Messianic peoples and from the civilized nations of the world, he always retained, whether in the rustic lean-to's of the South Sea Isles or in the dense jungles of Central Africa, the knowledge of a Personal God, Creator, Redeemer, and in various senses Sanctifier, and preserved the ethical decency of the first human family.

Rogues in Tranquilidad

Carl Westbrook

EL PUEBLO de Nuestra Señora de la Tranquilidad lies, a choicer chunk of Purgatory's warmer section, a full day's jog by mule beyond the railroad terminal.

It is no place to go. Absolutely, no. But Brother Jeronimo wasn't going; he was returning.

The distinction held the difference.

St. Meinrad no doubt had points—after five years of teaching Spanish there, Jeronimo could not deny this. But here, one still knew what vespers were; there still were wayside shrines; and here, gracias a Dios, one still heard the Angelus ring out, soft, sweet and clear, instead of auto honks.

Caramba! what fellow prays because he's honked at?

At a clump of oaks, called by a voice, Jeronimo drew rein. "Carmela?" hazarded dim recollection. "Why, so it is. And grown. Let's see, you must be thirteen now. A señorita."

"I have almost fourteen years, brother, but they might as well be fourteen hundred and I a sack of bones doomed to stay old maid. Do you know what that Pepe went and did? He ran out on me."

"Eh? That García lad whose nose used always to be running?"

"The same. May a coyote gnaw his liver the day he dies of thirst out on the desert."

"Oh! Oh! That is a little strong. Why not forget?"

"The world's only man?" Carmela sighed. "But tell me, have you returned to do him injury? Have you a grudge?"

"Eh? What talk is this?"

"Well, something's wrong. He hears that you are coming and he turns and runs. Like he was afraid to meet you. Could it be they have the plague in Indiana?"

"And that I fetched it with me? What a thought!"

"Not that it wouldn't be de-

served though—that they have it there, I mean. St. Meinrad should get it first, the Abbey worst of all."

"What! The office of The Grail?"

"Of course. That's where the poem was sent."

"I begin to see. Your poem, Carmela?"

"Oh, no. Pepe's. Didn't you know Pepe was a poet? Ah, he is. Would you like to hear his 'Smash-up'? Listen:

It was the schooner Hesperus—"

"O-ho!—"

"That sailed the wintry sea—"

"You know it?"

"To be sure. Most everybody does. It's Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus.'"

"It's not. It's 'Smash-up' by this very Pepe García I am telling you about. Didn't I see him write it myself?"

A hot one, eh? In the vernacular of the St. Meinrad class room, the Grail's editor must have thought he was seeing things when in sailed the Hesperus. "And Pepe sent it to the Grail?"

"No, señor. It was I who sent it in his name. Pepe was upset when I told him. He said that now they'd be always bothering him for more—cheaper ones, that is, because 'Smash-up', I guess, was too expensive or something—anyway, it came back most discourteously; and Pepe said he'd go to work before he'd write cheap poetry. Poets are like that. You were not asked to bother him for cheaper poems, brother?"

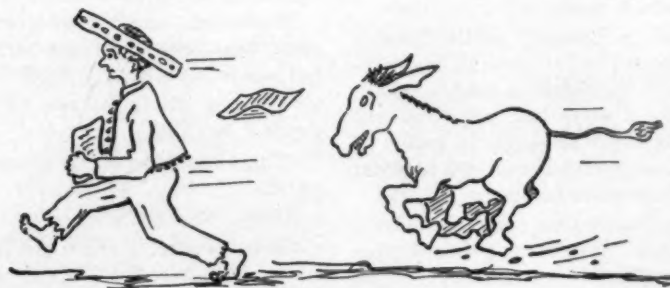
"Oh, no, no, no, Carmela. I assure you, no."

"Then what made him skip so pronto for?"

"Who knows?" shrugged Jeronimo.

But affairs, Jeronimo soon perceived, stretched beyond the trivial. Tranquilidad might be no place to go to, but it was no place to run from, either.

"Not on foot, brother," declared Ramon, the shoe maker. "How far



would he get? In what direction?"

"You did not see what way?"

"Bah! — bee-stung burro headed for the water hole—a cloud of dust, and gone."

And 'gone' described the poet of Tranquilidad completely. Searchers found him at no water hole; the desert disclosed no trace of camp. To the south where hills rolled onto hills and all piled into saw-toothed ridges, crags unscalable, not a clue was gleaned. On the east loomed the ragged gash of Canyon el Diablo, dark, forbidding, impenetrable in vicious undergrowth; while toward the coast, three miles west, Pueblo San Gregorio denied that Pepe had been seen there at all.

The search perforce was dropped.

Yet Fray Diego took it up again. "This will never do, Jeronimo," said he. "What would become of Mother Church if every day a sheep strayed off. Besides, it took me two years to convince the lad that work's good for the soul, and I like not seeing efforts turned futilities. Really, he showed promise toward the last, helping in the inn, learning apparently so willingly that the surprised Garcia intimated once he'd likely give Pepe the business for a wedding present when the time came. So, Jeronimo, go saddle Balaam."

Wherefore the day's bright sun saw one Jeronimo Jeronillo de Jerillero y Jerez—plain Jeronimo to you, señores—lay brother Benedictine, knight-errant, burro-mounted, circling Tranquilidad at a distance four miles out—baker, parboiled, roasted, cooked—morose as any knight of old, who, at the outset of his quest for sheep, was already heartily convinced that the best he'd ever find was goat.

"Caramba! all this for goat."

It was really regrettable that Jeronimo was not knight after dragon, for, by the time he circled into Santa Ana, the second pueblo west from Tranquilidad, thus practically completing his circuit of fourteen miles or so, wrathful discontent might have performed an excellent job on dragon.

What would have happened to Pepe, the lad then handy, shall not be dwelt upon.

Then eyes dropped to Balaam, gentle, uncomplaining Balaam, Balaam who had gone all day without a murmuring bray for drink or fodder, whose head now drooped like a sorry tail, yet whose patience and endurance stood prepared to carry on another fourteen miles, or, if necessary, forever; and through Jeronimo surged penitence.

"You are a better Benedictine burro," cried he, caressing the long ears, "than I am a Benedictine brother; you neither grumble nor shirk duty. And why should I," soliloquy proceeded, "say Pepe's not

worth hunting up? At his age I was just as bad—exactly so. Same sort of rogue—hola! boy," he called as a lad appeared from behind the adobe wall of Aguilero's corral. "Do you know—*here!* come back! Am I diablo to make you jump? Well, I did not mean to startle. I only wanted information. Do you know Pepe Garcia when you see him?"

The youth, after a long hard look, cautiously admitted that he did.

"Naturally. Tranquilidad is not so far away. Have you seen him lately?"

"Lately? Yes, I have seen him lately."

"Here? In Santa Ana?"

"Again, señor brother, yes."

"Aha! the rascal must have skirted San Gregorio to throw us off the track. Where was it you saw him last?"

"Well . . . he's been around all day. A little while ago he was over at Guedala's store. He's not there now, though."

"No matter. They'll know where he's gone. Come."

"But señor, I am bound for San Rafael."

"You and I together. I've no doubt Pepe's making for the coast, and I need some one to point him out. It's fortunate I met you. The grown-ups haven't changed a bit in the five years I've been away, but every youngster puzzles. If you see him in the distance, tell me, eh?"

"Oh, surely." Spontaneous, in print, that acquiescence, but in reality, coerced. Jeronimo's hand, curled round the boy's neck in a manner intendedly affectionate, seemed too highly reminiscent of a constable's paw herding prisoner to calabozo to permit other than assent. "If I see him in the distance I will surely tell you."

"Good. Let us both go in." And to Guedala and the three or four who chatted there. "This Pepe Garcia, señores; where did he go from here?"

"From here?" Guedala first looked puzzlement, then blank bewilderment. "You mean, brother, where did he go from here?"

"Caramba! am I asking where he went from some place else? Excuse my petulance, señores, but this is important. Where did he go from here?"

"Well, if it's important, he left here for Mendoza's."

"The blacksmith's? A thousand thanks. Come on, boy."

And at Mendoza's:

"Hola, Matteo. Where did this Pepe rogue Garcia go from here?"

"Eh?"

"Matteo! Have I been eating loco weed that you squint at me? I ask a civil question. Where did he go from here?"

Matteo squinted more, and shrugged. "Señora Vlasco's," he answered briefly, after the fashion of a man who gives the simple truth for what it's worth—in this case, nothing.

So at Señora Vlasco's, where the hands of señoritas clamped tamales into shape:

"Señora, señoritas, I stipulate beforehand that you consider Pepe of no especial merit. I grant all Santa Ana thinks so too, and calls the time one spends on him time thrown away. But, señora, señoritas, I am a poor brother following his trail. I must follow to the end. So kindly answer without squinting at me for a loco or parroting back words, Where did Pepe go from here?"

Of course Señora Vlasco told him. Put that way, why shouldn't she? If the brother preambled so verbosely in order to get a question answered plainly, without squints or parrotings, it seemed reasonable to presume that that was how the brother wanted it answered.

So, "To Machado's," Señora Vlasco informed without a single squint, and the señoritas chorused it without a bit of parroting.

But, oh! what a gale of mirth went up when Jeronimo went out.

"Eh? They laugh at us?"

"Why should they, brother? But is it needful to hold my shirt so tight? I almost choke."

"Ah. I am sorry. Excitement was to blame. I thought for sure we were hot upon his heels, expecting momentarily to catch him. You haven't spied him yet, hiding behind some hedge? Or up a tree?"

"No, brother. I haven't seen him behind any hedge. Nor up a tree."

"Well, perhaps Machado helps."

Machado did. He kept the good work going and the ball a-rolling. Jeronimo finally landed in the last house in the pueblo whence he left to skirt the adobe wall of Aguilero's corral and wind up in the very spot he'd started from.

'Twas then the Great Light dawned.

"Boy!" he roared. "What is your name before I pull you into seven parts?"

"Ow! ow! brother. Ow! my ear. Is it my fault Carmela mailed the poem? I did not ask her to. D'you think I'd willingly have the world's Benedictines hound me to my grave on purpose?"

"Eh? You imagined that the Benedictines were all hounding you?"

"How could I help it? Didn't it look as if I tried to cheat the Benedictines with stolen poetry? And you, coming from the place where the poem was sent... well, my conscience—"

"What a conscience!"

"Maybe. But it's the only one I've got. I can't prevent the way it works. What would yours do if you got caught stealing poetry?"

"Oof!" For some reason that knocked the wind out of Jeronimo. "You are too inquisitive," he retorted. "But let us travel home. Things with you will be all right."

And so they were. Pepe, convinced that the Benedictines were not leagued together to wreak vengeance on him, homicide and what not, submitted to the parental scolding and resumed duties in the inn, quite satisfied to have gotten out so easily from under.

His sin of poetry he'd no doubt live down in time.

Which last, incidentally, was something Jeronimo, too, now felt he could accomplish for himself, considering recent happenings.

"It's consolation," he told the bare walls of his cell that night, "to know I'm not the only rogue here in Tranquilidad."

Gaze fell to the rejection slip of many, many years ago and those faded lines declined by the Grail's first editor:

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the.....

Test Yourself!

Answers on Page 26

1. How is it that so many pious and good Catholics suffer terribly from poverty and all sorts of misery, whereas many who have no faith at all seem, at least, to enjoy wealth and all sorts of worldly advantages?
2. When is a vow *public*, when *private*? When is it *solemn* and when *simple*?
3. What is the difference between a *nun* and a *sister*?
4. What is the difference between a *friar* and a *monk*? Between a *brother* and a *frater*?
5. Have Mothers of convents ecclesiastical jurisdiction?
6. Why has the present Holy Father not created a single Cardinal?

Sisters in the War Effort

Thomas F. Doyle

L EAST publicized of the nation's women volunteers, Catholic nuns are filling many new roles in wartime America. Nuns are serving as air-raid wardens, operating farm tractors, teaching American youth the science of aeronautics—in addition to their usual tasks of religious instruction, teaching nursing and welfare work.

One of the most important contributions nuns are making is in the field of research studies important to the national effort. This work is being largely concentrated at the Institutum Divi Thomae, scientific research establishment founded by Archbishop John T. McNicholas, O.P., at Cincinnati, Ohio, under the direction of the eminent scientist, Dr. George Speri Sperti.

Sisters scientists have helped to develop biodyne ointment, a new "wonder" preparation which has been used with remarkable success by doctors and hospitals throughout the country in the treatment of burns. Expected to prove invaluable in the treatment of soldiers suffering from this type of wound, preliminary reports on biodyne have been sent to the War Department and the National Research Council.

Biodyne is made under a secret formula, including yeast and liver oils. The Chicago fire department now carries five pounds of biodyne on each of its life squad cars. It has been found far more effective and rapid than tannic acid in the treatment of burn cases. Biodyne gives immediate relief from pain, leaves no scars. In no case where it has been used has skin grafting been necessary.

Sister Mary Petronella Schroeder, C.P.P.S., professor on the staff of the Institute, recently reported a discovery regarded as particularly important at this time because of its possible effect on the country's supply of chlorine, which is needed in many war industries and in the production of certain types of synthetic rubber. It is estimated that from ten to fifteen thousand tons of chlorine are used annually for sterilization of sewage. Demonstrating on a laboratory scale that sewage can be sterilized by electrolysis with added salt, Sister Petronella's method, if it proves feasible on a commercial scale, will release a vast quantity of chlorine for vital war needs.

Many nuns have undergone special training to equip them to teach new subjects related to war preparedness.

At St. Vincent's College in Latrobe, Pa., six Sisters of Charity of Seton Hill joined a class of army glider pilots and secondary school teachers in a pre-flight aviation course. The course included navigation, civil air regulations, the theory of motor construction and meteorology, and is part of the glider pilot program conducted for members of the enlisted reserve of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Both Sisters and teaching Brothers were enrolled in the aeronautical course at Loyola University of the South and at other Catholic colleges during the past summer.

The Ursuline College at New Rochelle, N. Y., plans to continue the series of courses begun a year ago to enable young women better to equip themselves for the present emergency. Among the courses are: Morse code, motor mechanics and map interpretation.

The nuns on the faculties of Catholic colleges are also training nurses, physicists, chemists, dietitians and other specialists.

One institution—the College of Saint Teresa at Winona, Minnesota—has already done impressive work in preparing students for key roles in the national emergency.

A new task for Catholic nuns. The nun shown in this picture is one of a number teaching young America the rudiments of aeronautics. This is but one of many unusual wartime activities undertaken by various sisterhoods throughout the country.

—Religious News Service Photo



Nuns in scientific research. These sisters are two of several employed at the Institutum Divi Thomae at Cincinnati, where a new treatment for wounds caused by burns has been discovered.

—Religious News Service Photo

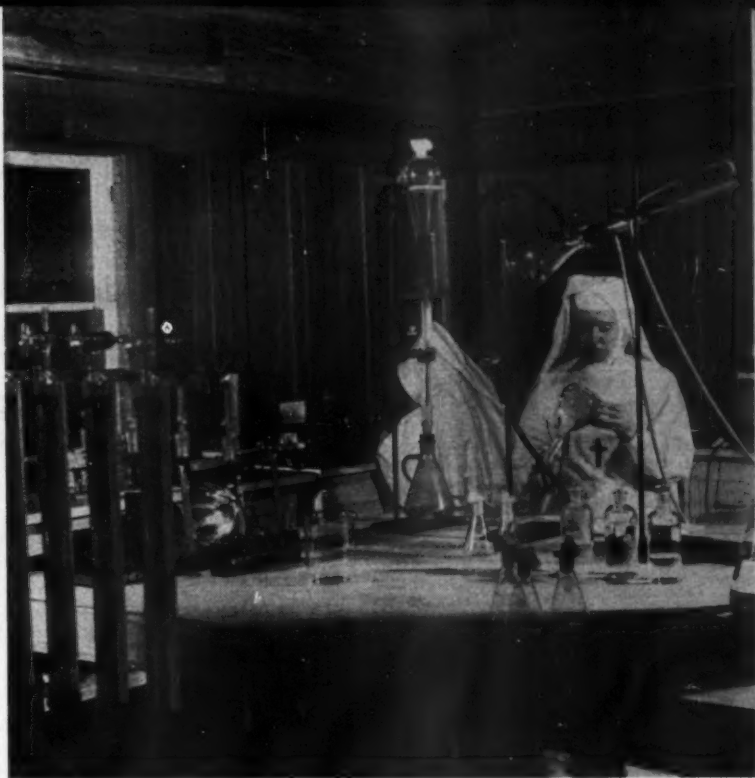
Graduates include thirty-one-year-old Mary Catherine Kelley, who was appointed by Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota as State Director of Women's Services within the Welfare Division of the Civilian Defense Organization. Miss Kelley is in charge of 30,000 women, organized as Minnesota Victory Aides, and her work is to coordinate women's war efforts in the communities throughout the State.

Other graduates are working with the F. B. I. or occupy important positions in the USO or the Red Cross. One is a research worker in the Bureau of War Economics; another is teaching a special course in radio and physics in the Women's College, University of North Carolina. Seven young women have joined the teaching staff of the Signal Corps radio school in Chicago and are believed to be the vanguard of a future large force of women instructors in this branch of the U. S. Army.

Nuns have turned to farm work, sometimes through necessity, often by choice. The Sisters at Mount Alvernia, Reading, Pa., report that they have "adapted themselves wholeheartedly to agricultural pursuits." On the grounds of Nazareth College in Rochester, Sisters have been cultivating a large farm acreage.

Sometimes a shortage of farm labor has made it imperative for Sisters to turn their attention to agriculture on a large scale. This has meant work with a capital "W." At Mount Assisi Convent, Lemont, Ill., the nuns toiled under the hot sun last summer, harvesting the grain with scythes and rakes. Dressed in her flowing black and white habit, Sister Mary Othelia operated a farm tractor, probably the first nun in those parts to have manipulated this type of farm equipment.

Civilian defense is another field in which many nuns are active. One of them, Sister Madeline, a Sister of Charity of St. Paul, is credited with being responsible for making Santa Cruz, Calif., one of the model defense cities of the coast. She campaigned among civic groups and argued with the police chief until defense officials established an efficient protection system. This was right after Pearl Harbor.



Today, not only the nuns in Santa Cruz but many thousands through the country have received training in meeting air raid emergencies and in co-operating with civilian defense authorities to safeguard the millions of children attending Catholic parochial and high schools.

One of the largest, and certainly one of the most unusual, groups of air raid wardens to graduate in the nation were 586 black-robed nuns representing 22 religious Orders who recently received their certificates in St. Louis, Mo., after completing an average of 25 hours in fire and gas defense, first aid and blackout protective work. "The Axis powers have no respect for religion, so we must be prepared and alert for any eventuality," Mayor William Dee Becker observed as he distributed the official OCD air raid warden bands to the graduates.

Many Sisters, especially members of teaching Orders, have taken first aid courses. Five hundred Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, took such courses at their motherhouse at Monroe, Michigan. A similar number of Sisters of St. Joseph at Nazareth College, Rochester, underwent the same training. At Natchez, Mississippi, Holy Ghost Sisters and Sisters of Charity have taken advanced courses. In the Civil War period, it is recalled, the Sisters of Charity in Natchez aided the sick and wounded of both armies and were tireless and fearless nurses in the yellow fever epidemic.

Test Yourself

Answers

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

See Questions on page 23

1. It is true that many good people suffer. Not even the mother of Our Lord was spared great suffering when the seven swords pierced her heart. In sorrow she stood beneath the cross of her Divine Son. There is a mystery in suffering—a mystery which man cannot fathom, because it grows out of sin and man cannot fathom sin. Man can fathom only a finite thing, and sin, being an offense against an Infinite Being, is itself something beyond the finite. Too often we are prone to judge supernatural things in a natural light. Humanly speaking suffering is undesirable, but that is only our way of looking at it. God sees it in a different light or He would never have said, "Unless you take up your cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple." "My thoughts are not your thoughts; nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord." (Isaias 55:8) We take an awful risk when we interfere with the will of God or the designs of Divine Providence. In a Louisiana diocese, as testified by the clergy there, a baptized baby was dying. The priest, reading from the ritual the prayers to be said for a sick child prayed, "If it be Thy holy will, etc." The mother interrupted, "No, no; it *must* be His holy will. I cannot live without my child." To the surprise of the priest the child *suddenly* grew better.

That mother lived to see the day when a sheriff put the hood over the head of her son, who was being hanged for a murder he committed. God knows the future of a child. It would have been better for the child in question to die.

2. Canon 1308 of Canon Law says that a vow made before a legitimate ecclesiastical superior, in the name of the Church, is a public vow; all others are private. Vows made in cloisters, convents, and monasteries are, therefore, *all public* vows. The same canon says that a vow is solemn if it be acknowledged as such by the Church; otherwise it is simple. This distinction is a canonical one that calls for certain norms. For instance, the solemn vow requires that the Divine Office be performed daily by the one solemnly professed; it requires, too, that if it be a man who makes the solemn vow, that it be his intention to enter the priesthood. Contracts entered into by one with solemn vows, unless sanctioned by the superior, are not valid. Marriage, therefore, if attempted by one with solemn vows, is invalid.

Brothers and Sisters whose vows are not solemn need not say the daily breviary. If they have private property, this becomes the property of the community, but

the Brother or Sister cannot dispose of it in *any way* because of his or her vow of poverty.

3. Nuns, whom the Church calls *moniales*, have made solemn vows. All those whose vows are of the ordinary kind and not solemn the Church calls *sorores*, Sisters. Unless it be that certain Visitation nuns in our country actually be *moniales*, as is maintained, there are no nuns in the United States. All inmates of convents in our country are *sorores*, Sisters.

4. All priests belonging to Mendicant Orders, such as the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, are called friars. Priests belonging to abbeys whose support comes from the labor of their farms, their schools, etc., are called monks. A *frater* is a cleric, i.e., one either in holy orders or preparing for holy orders. In England *fraters* are called brothers. If one be in major orders, the English give him the title "Dom; hence they have Dom Bede, Dom Gregory, etc. The Italians refer to *all* clerics that are not prelates with the title of "Don," spelled with an "n." Hence they say Don Bede, Don Gregorio, but they do not give this title to the novices.

5. The Lord Jesus gave no ecclesiastical jurisdiction to women, not even to His Holy Mother. A Mother of a convent has *maternal* jurisdiction, she being the legitimate superior of the convent. All who are under her maternal jurisdiction are obliged by their vow of obedience to obey her.

6. The Holy Father, as is evident from the daily papers, bound as he is to love all men and provide for their spiritual welfare, is avoiding even the least sign that would prompt the enemies of the Church to accuse him of preferring one nation or race to another. Hence he has appointed no cardinals since the outbreak of hostilities. If the Pope were to die or to become disabled to carry on his duties, the Cardinals living in the various nations could not meet in conclave, considering the conditions of our time. Hence it may be supposed that the canonical laws of the Church on conclaves and cardinals have been suspended. Should there be no conclave of cardinals possible anywhere, what then? Catholics the world over need not worry. When Napoleon took the last Benedictine Pope, Pius VII, the former Abbot Barnabas, a captive and removed him to France, the Pope said to the Emperor: "All arrangements have been made by me. If you hold me a captive for six months I am no longer Pope, as I have then resigned the Papacy, and my successor will be elected. Your Majesty, whom do you have then? No one but poor old Abbot Barnabas."

Implanting Kindness

L. E. Eubanks

POWERFUL influences are at work to convince the world that "heart education" deserves a 50-50 place with brain education in our schools; but meantime let us—every individual, and especially parents—improve every opportunity to implant kindness in the hearts of the little folks.

Logically, kindness to animals is among the first lessons, for the reason that youngsters are invariably interested in animals. A boy of four or five can understand our suggestion for a certain attitude toward his dog or the birds, for instance, when similar relations to adults might be beyond him. And experience has proved that kind treatment to animals recurs in kind treatment to humans.

One of the kindest men I have known received his first lessons on his father's farm. At the age of six he was found warming two baby chicks under his coat; and when pigeons were hatched while the spring weather was yet cold, little George worried about them. Contrast such a child to the budding gangster on the city streets; I firmly believe that every child should have some association with pets or with stock animals; there is nothing that will quite take its place as a foundation for humane principles.

There is no higher education than that of kindness, gentleness, consideration. The parent whose sole educational effort concerns his child's scholastic progress should recall wise old Humboldt's words: "Cruelty to animals is a characteris-

tic vice of vulgar people." Real education must include refinement and the elements of culture, and is absolutely incompatible with cruelty.

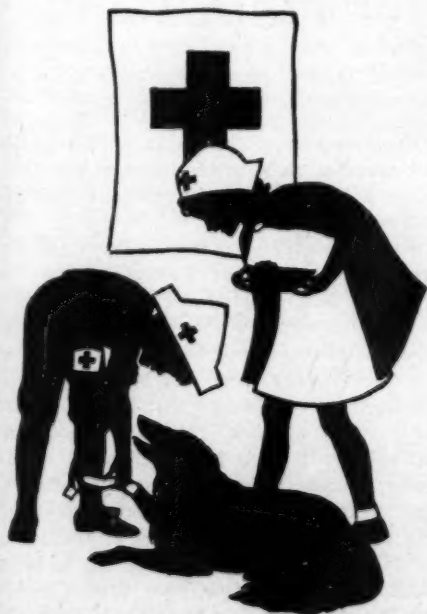
Current events confirm the words of whoever it was that said, "The spirit of cruelty is the deadliest enemy to a high civilization." The nature of the crimes now horrifying us indicate some serious defect in the offenders' primary education; and it may be significant that the murderers and torturers never heard anything about kindness to animals when they were boys.

Man is the ani-

mal's god. Supervision and care of a pet gives a child a certain self-respect and responsibility hard to duplicate by any other provision. You cannot take the animal's place—not with all your theoretical teachings. Where is the boy who kept the big dog from fighting his little dog, who blanketed his pet on cold days—then, as a man, committed premeditated murder? You do not find him.

A strict regard for the rights and feelings of whatever has feeling is the cardinal principle of civilization. The greatest need in the world today is kindness, the kindness that is learned by actual association with creatures who will be happy or miserable according to their human guardians' decisions and conduct.

To watch the protective spirit



Each cow and each horse gets a holiday treat: I give it an apple or sugar to eat.

grow in a child, to see the fruition of seeds you have planted, Mr. or Mrs. Parent, is one of the finest, sweetest experiences that can ever come to you. And you need no college degree to sense that here is real education, the foundation of character and citizenship.

When I was about eight years old I saw an amateur butcher kill a pig with an ax. That was fifty years ago, and that scene, with the callous indifference and brutal conversations that accompanied it, yet lives in my memory as vividly as the events of yesterday.

I was visiting a boy friend in the country, but that was my last visit to any place where killings were performed; for when my father heard my version of the gruesome doings and observed the effects on my nervous system, he forbade me ever to witness such a thing again.

The next autumn my rural friend visited me, and when I referred to the butchering he laughed at my feelings—a laugh I didn't like. My wise old dad then terminated that friendship, predicting that the boy

would come to a bad end unless his environment were changed. Dad wasn't far wrong, at that, for as a husband and parent in later years that same boy ruled his home with relentless cruelty.

No young person over whom I have any control is going to be exposed to heart-hardening influences. From much observation, I'm convinced that, with most boys and girls, the environment and training of the first twelve years determine whether or not the adult will be considerate of other persons and humane toward the lower animals.

Some years ago I knew a man who cursed his ten-year old son because the boy cried at sight of a rabbit in distress. The father's hobby was hunting and he had begun taking the lad with him when the boy was little more than a baby. But despite all his efforts, the child had continued to be sympathetic, finally becoming hysterical when he saw his father's hounds catch and roughly mouth a rabbit. So disgusted was that father that he thereafter nicknamed the boy Sissy, and turned his

training over to "the woman."

Not long ago a boy of seventeen was arrested in a stolen automobile. Inquiry disclosed that he had tied the car's owner to a tree in the woods and left food where the man could see it but could not reach it. Wanton cruelty. Yes; the boy himself didn't have any too much to eat, but torturing the man was a satisfaction to him.

I was not surprised to learn that the culprit had spent the first fifteen years of his life in a home where a brutal father had killed every pet brought into the house, including a canary—than which, surely, nothing could be more harmless. A significant statement in the boy's life story was, "He (the father) beat me, then I went out and beat some smaller kid."

I wouldn't say that boy is hopeless; but undeniably someone is going to have a tough job to undo those early influences. A child is never too young to be started right; in fact the younger he is, after he begins to think for himself, the more impressionable he is.

"Sister, Please Pray for Harry!"

Jack Kearns

WHEN you visit Spokane (which you'll soon learn rimes with *pan* and not with *pain*), the beautiful "Hub of the Inland Empire," you'll probably stop at the Davenport Hotel, where you'll be so amazed at the multitude of varicolored birds warbling in their cages in the spacious lobby that you'll write home about them. Then you'll take a tour of the city, visiting Canon Hill Park and the famous Manito Sunken Gardens. From Rockwood Boulevard you'll get a wonderful panoramic view of the city, and you'll realize that your *cicerone* wasn't exaggerating when he spoke of the city's 2,000 acres of parks. In the distance you'll see Gonzaga University, Harry's alma mater, and you'll surely pick up as a souvenir a piece of the cindery lava that once flowed down from the volcanoes of the region and now has to be blasted out with dynamite to let real estate develop. On your way back, through the business section of the town, you'll

marvel at the grandeur of the Spokane Falls, with its foaming cascades right in the heart of the city. Most tourists will leave Spokane without visiting a very remarkable place there.

But it was a favorite haunt of Mrs. Crosby's very soon after she and her husband moved to Spokane in 1906. Mrs. Crosby, whose maiden name was Catherine Harrigan, was a busy housewife with an ever increasing brood of youngsters. She didn't have much time with all her housework and the care of the children, but, putting the baby into the go-cart, while another youngster, not old enough as yet for school, held her hand, Mrs. Crosby would get out sometimes for a breath of fresh air and at the same time get a bit of praying done at the chapel of the monastery of the Poor Clares that she discovered near-by. It got to be a regular habit, and as time went on, Mrs. Crosby got to know the extern Sisters and would often ask

them to request the prayers of the Community for her special intentions. The Poor Clares, you know, are hard to beat at praying. At least Mrs. Crosby thinks so.

As the children came, and grew up before a person knew it, in good times and in depressions, there were plenty of times when Mrs. Crosby was at her wits' end and felt that only the Sisters could solve her pressing problem. Her seven children—Lawrence, Everett, Theodore, Harry, Catherine, Mary Rose, and Robert—all had their share of the fervent prayers of the cloistered nuns. But perhaps Harry was oftentimes the subject of their devout supplication. Had he thrown up his job in the post office? Had he let an ax slip, when he was working at a lumber camp, and cut his leg? What was his latest bit of foolishness? What? He was quitting Gonzaga Law School just when he was almost a lawyer and going off, God knows where, to be a vaudeville performer? It seemed the lad didn't have much sense. Oh, well, the Poor Clares would ask God to take care of him somehow.

It seems that God did just that. Though the Poor Clares, true to their name, love voluntary poverty and have renounced the natural desire for a home, their prayers have apparently brought him a beautiful and sensible wife, who, from the day of their marriage, has transformed the happy-go-lucky minstrel into a model husband and father, now, of four hearty boys. Fortune and taxes have landed in the lap of the boy who looked like a ne'er-do-well. But Harry says it isn't luck. He says it's the result of prayer. How does he do it? Oh, just singing a few songs and being himself over the radio once a week, making a couple of motion pictures a year, dashing off some records once in a while.

It's an astonishing success story, and the best part of it is that the phenomenal upgrade hasn't gone to the lad's head. As you are aware, Harry is more widely known as Bing, though his mother never calls him anything but Harry. Writing in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* about "The Groaner" (as Harry characterizes himself), H. Allen Smith gives Bing's reaction to his own popularity. "He has never had much faith in himself, in his future, save perhaps at the very beginning of his career, when he felt that he might, with help from on high, become a middling vaudeville performer. He has always attributed his success to the workings of Providence. During the dizziness that came with his first blossoming as a radio star, someone asked him if luck had anything to do with his career. He shook his head and replied that

85 per cent of his success was due to his mother's prayers. He meant it."

Of course, Bing finally succeeded in inducing his mother and dad to quit beautiful Spokane and come to sunny California. In fact, the whole Crosby clan eventually migrated except Teddy. But Mrs. Crosby has never become a lady of leisure. Nor has she forgotten her "arsenal of prayer" in the old home town. True, her children have all grown up and she's a grandmother now, but whenever a vexing problem arises that she figures needs special attention, she writes a little note to her Poor Clares and quits worrying herself.

Mr. Allen gives us a clear picture of her character and her staunch faith. "She is in her middle sixties and fully as alert and vigorous as she was twenty years ago. She and her husband live in a modest bungalow in North Hollywood, eight blocks from Bing's big house. To this day Kate Crosby refuses to hire a maid and does her own housework. She cooks and sews and gardens just as she did in Spokane, and she is the official custodian of Crosbyana, having kept Bing's scrapbooks for years. Kate Crosby is a devout woman. Back in the Spokane days it was her custom whenever trouble confronted any member of the family to scurry for the Poor Clare monastery, where she would ask for prayers of intercession. She made such visits at all crucial moments in Bing's early career, and nowadays, when troublous situations arise, she writes the Poor Clares, asking for prayers."

But Bing doesn't forget the old days at Gonzaga. Once he helped swell the scholarship endowment fund, in short order, by \$20,000. For years he has gone to the time and trouble to save his stamps for the Jesuit Missions—not a little item when the bulk and variety of fan mail that pours into Bing's offices is considered. Bing's charities are many, but seldom publicized. Bing, while entitled to full exemption as far as patriotism will allow, is no slacker. As a member of the staff for the Secretary of War, he devotes much time to music for morale and to radio tieups for the good of the service. He also has great interest in a Research Foundation, assisting inventors who have defense items to develop, and in an aluminum sand-casting Foundry, turning out more than eighty thousand airplane parts a month.

One item that is common knowledge is that the royalties for his most popular recorded disc, *Silent Night, Holy Night* with *Adeste Fideles*, go entirely to charity. He sang the sacred songs with genuine feeling. Perhaps it was a lyrical thank-you to the Poor Clares who still don't forget to say an occasional prayer for Harry.

"Suffer the Little Ones to Come Unto Me—"

Dolores Logan Green

JULY 5, 1937,
was a memorable day in the Moskowitz household. After ten years God gave to Papa and Mama Moskowitz another baby. A beautiful boy baby! What joy for the two big brothers and two big sisters! But

their joy was turned to sorrow when three hours later the Angel of Death came for Raymond's good mother. Papa Moskowitz became father and mother to the five motherless children. Little Raymond grew more beautiful and happiness shone in his countenance. Basking as he did in the love of a devoted father, brother, and sisters, he acquired a gentleness of spirit that was surprising in one so young.

Mr. Moskowitz at this time was a successful businessman in a large midwestern city. As so often happens, business reverses made it necessary to close-out. On the heels of his first big tragedy, the loss of the wife whom he loved so much, came the disappointment and shame of possible bankruptcy. Where so many take advantage of legitimate bankruptcy laws whereby a portion of the fortune can be saved, this noble, generous-hearted Jewish gentleman did not seek to salvage any of his former investments at the expense of others. Rather, he saw to it that his honest debts were paid. Because of this change in the Moskowitz fortune, that is how little Raymond came to our city and our hearts. We were attracted to little Raymond because of his resemblance to a famous picture of the Christ Child with big blue-gray eyes and light brown curly hair framing an angelic face. That is no doubt how the great King David looked, too, as a lad of five.

One day a month or so after our moving to this neighborhood the little lad called to me as I passed:



"Do you know that God made you?"

"Of course," I said, "God made everything there is!"

"Even the 'choo-choos'?"

"Even the 'choo-choos'," said I. Then I tried to explain how God had put all the

things on the earth and had given men intelligence to figure out the use of them all.

We became very good friends. From time to time he would come over to our house to play with the ten little ones God had sent us.

In the evening sometimes I would read to him and tell him stories of the Guardian Angels. It was then he told me that his mama had died. I told him that his dear mother was in Heaven watching over him and that he was a lucky little boy because he had TWO mothers in Heaven. Our Blessed Mother, the Mother of God, who loved little children very, very much and then his own dear mother whom God had called Home. Tears filled his big eyes as he said: "My, you make me feel like I want to say a lot of prayers tonight."

"Yes, dear," I said, "every night and morning you can kneel by your bed and ask dear Blessed Mother to tell your own dear mama that you're trying so hard to be a good boy for her. Tell Her, too, to bless your dear papa and to help him with his work and to bless all your brothers and sisters."

"Oh," he said, "I will, every day. You make me feel so good. I can almost see my mama."

In our neighborhood are many religious houses. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters are seen daily, going to and coming from the University. Many of these religious became most attached to this dear little boy who looked so much like the Christ Child. He visited them often. One day one of the Fathers took him to the chapel for a visit.

Little Raymond, who loved to talk about holy things, asked what was in back of the big golden door. Father told him of dear Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Then he asked that if God is everywhere—even in the benches, would he hurt God if he sat on Him.

Once he said to me very earnestly: "I love dear Jesus! He is so good and loved little boys like me so much. He has such a nice, kind face."

"Yes," I said, "dear Jesus, too, was Jewish and He loves your people with all His Heart, so pray and ask Him to keep you always a good boy, so that your mama in Heaven, and your papa can be very proud of you."

Two days after Raymond's last visit, our Joseph who was just eleven—the eldest in our family—and who loved the little fellow very much, came running home with tears streaming down his face.

"Mother," he said, "Raymond is dead!"

All the children gasped: "Raymond! You mean our Raymond who comes over to play with us?"

"Yes," said Joseph, "Brother Robert just told me. Raymond died yesterday afternoon from a 'Strep' infection."

Such a blanket of gloom as settled over all of us! Raymond, our little neighbor, whom we felt almost belonged to us—dead! It didn't seem possible.

Meeting Brother James coming from the Univer-

sity a few minutes later I told him of our shock. He said: "Yes, Raymond is gone. Do you want to go over to see the family?"

"Oh yes," I said, "that poor dad."

That evening, both Brother James and I went over to offer our sympathy to the family. The poor father seemed almost dazed from the suddenness of it all. The brothers, fine young men, and the sisters, fine young ladies, were heart-sick too.

We tried to console them all with the thought that now Raymond was with his mother. God wanted another little flower for His garden and so He took Raymond now, when his soul was most beautiful and innocent. We told them, that hard as it was, they should thank God for the six beautiful years they had had him with them. That they should thank Him too for sparing him many miseries of this life. They know now where he is always—safe with his mother in heaven. It is the Jewish custom, too, to pray for the dead, even as we Catholics and, therefore, they should pray for them and try to so live that some day they, too, will be reunited with those they love.

We of the neighborhood, religious and lay people alike, believe that Raymond was one of the saintly children of our own time, because he was truly interested in things eternal and expressed many, many times his love of God.

Now is the Time

Don Hall

BANDS played, the crowd cheered, and many tearful but proud eyes followed the train until it finally disappeared in the distance. Where they were going, no one knew.... if and when they would be back was a question which all tactfully avoided even thinking about. Their destiny was not important—it was the destiny of everything they were leaving that they were thinking about. I shall always remember my kid brother, as he stood on the steps of that departing train, embracing the girl whom fate had decreed he could not marry. I can hear his broken young voice yet, saying: "Sweetheart! Tomorrow, when all of this

madness is over, when people live and let live, when we can love the whole world and have the whole world love us, I'll be back.... now don't you ever forget, Darling, I'M COMING BACK!"

But that was this morning, dear Readers. The echoes of the crowd's cheers are still in my heart, my friends are all gone, and I sit in my den alone; alone but for the condemnations and whisperings of the outside world. These I cannot shut away, for they follow me wherever I go, whatever I do. They fill me with the hunted feeling of a criminal and make my life a hell on earth.

For you see I am one of that group of young men commonly known as the "rejectees." Six months ago Uncle Sam called me and after my examination placed me in class IV-F. The Army doctors told me to "keep on writing," for the Service had no place for me. My rejection was based on perfectly valid grounds and I can assure you, was not to my liking. But the people here at home evidently do not understand my position, for they seem to shun me wherever I go. Vicious stories have been started and today threaten my job, my security, and happiness.

Yes, Friends, I have been accused of everything from deliberately failing my examination to buying my way out. There was one malicious rumor that nearly caused me to lose my position. A certain individual who had failed to get his son deferred started out on what could be called a "deliberate smear campaign." It was surprising how the story spread and in a very short time I was greeted with mistrust even by people whom I had heretofore been proud to call my closest friends. Like a great forest fire these lies spread from lip to lip until I eventually had to give an account of myself. Luckily, all of the charges were found to be deliberate untruths, but my reputation and prestige still remain marred to a certain extent.

Why must people be so intolerant as to kick a man when he is down? Why, I would just as soon be "over there" in the front lines taking it with the rest of my buddies, but America has decreed otherwise. But why cannot people understand my position and give me a half-way decent break? I do not mean to ask for sympathy, for my defect in reality isn't very serious. Instead, I am beseeching a great people to arise and battle this sixth column of intolerance, which threatens to overrun our land today.

We, here in America, call ourselves an intelligent and socialized people. But are we really as cultured and intelligent as we profess to be? Do we, in the true sense of the word, realize the inner significance of life itself? The wagging tongues of the gossips are threatening the existence of this country—not from without but from within. Battles are not won in "No Man's Land" but here at home. Now how, may I ask you, can America raise its morale if it continues to "whisper" and spread rumors? Shakespeare, in his work *King Lear* said, "Mend your speech a little lest it mar your fortunes." Resentments, prejudices, jealousies, and intolerance within our land can divide us as no outside source or power ever could. How can we Americans even attempt to solve the problems of

the entire world when we cannot solve this all too "human" problem of our own? How can we ever understand the philosophies and ideals of our foreign neighbors when we cannot even understand each other? How can we ever get the most out of life if we do not attempt to appreciate the other fellow's position and see his side of the case?

Gossip! Gossip! Gossip! The wagging tongues of the gossips have crucified man, an innocent man, on the cross of intolerance and unkindness. Very few of us really mean to gossip, but because we are only human we continue to "talk." We, here in America, are too gullible and prone to "follow the crowd." In time of war, especially, we must think for ourselves as we have never thought before. Our intolerances and prejudices must be directed toward the philosophies and ideals of our enemy and not against ourselves! We must be above the petty jealousies and resentments which can only result in the division of our people against themselves.

As I said before, dear Readers, I am asking for no sympathy. I am merely trying to present the other side of the case.... the side that very few people realize is even existent. The story of the rejectee is in a sense the story of America itself. Between these lines of human drama is written the destiny of our beloved land and within these words of life may be found the understanding and tolerance which America must possess if she is to emerge victorious from the current struggle.

One of our most beloved forefathers, Benjamin Franklin, once remarked that the secret of his success was that "I speak ill of no man and speak all the good I know of everybody." Benjamin Franklin is a part of the personification of the American ideal—the ideal which all America at the present is fighting to retain. His philosophy of life must be America's philosophy of life. Without tolerance and kindness our morale cannot continue at the high standard which it enjoys today. Without America and without each other you and I cannot live. Let's protect that grand "Statue of Liberty" by endeavouring to put into practice the abstract theories and philosophies for which it stands. Now is the time for us to build—not to tear down! Now is the time for us to believe in each other and in America as we have never believed before! Now is the time for all of us to laugh and cry and live and love together! Now is the time for us to put our shoulders behind the wheels of industry.... to put our shoulders behind the guns.... to put our shoulders behind each other.

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